THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 317 — NUMBER 4120

JUNE 23, 1923

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MR. BALDWIN, PREMIER

MR. BALDWIN'S appointment was received with a good press not only in Great Britain but on the Continent. *Le Temps* said: 'We are happy to see that the outcome corresponds with our silent wish.' In general, the French papers reveal the hope that the new Cabinet will strive to restore the broken ties between London and Paris. Some of the German papers profess to see no prospect that a Conservative Cabinet in Great Britain, no matter who is Premier, will materially change that country's policy toward Reparations; but their comment is friendly. The London *Daily Telegraph* would have preferred Lord Curzon, but reconciles itself to the King's choice with a good countenance. The London *Outlook* observes: —

A silent constitutional revolution has taken place this week, which will be duly chronicled by some future Hallam of Parliament. The King's action in passing over Lord Curzon may have been well-advised, and perfectly right in the circumstances, but it does mean that in future no Peer can hope to be Prime Minister. The great Lord Salisbury, who resigned twenty years ago, was the last of a line which included Russells, Derbys, and half the great names of England. There is something ironic in the conclusion that no peer shall get to the top.

The *Times* quotes the characterization of Mr. Baldwin which it published last December on the eve of his departure for America in connection with the debt negotiations: —

We would find him, if we troubled to take it down from our shelves, in a volume of the *Spectator* or in a novel of Jane Austen's. He is the type of country squire who, but for the increasing demands of high office, would rarely visit London and would be more at home in ancient Athens than in Paris. . . . Mr. Baldwin is a blend of several characteristic English types. He is at one and the same time a captain of industry, a country gentleman, a scholar, and a politician.

Several papers quote as characteristic of the man his remark at the complimentary luncheon given to T. P. O'Connor a few weeks ago, expressing his wish to go back to his country home 'to read the books I want to read, to live a decent life, and to keep pigs.'

The Liberal *Manchester Guardian*, while it rates the new Premier a leader of the Die-Hards, who were implacable toward Ireland, and a Protectionist, on account of his record in securing a tariff on fabric gloves, grants that he is to be preferred to Lord Curzon in foreign policies, which he approaches with an open mind. That journal assumes

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that he favors the new-school League-of-Nations type of diplomacy, considering that he could not have secured Lord Robert Cecil as a colleague unless he had satisfied him on that point.

It may not be so generally known that Mr. Baldwin's domestic associations are literary and also that he has a Radical member in his own household. Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Professor Mackail are his first cousins and favorite companions. One of his sons, Mr. Oliver Baldwin, is a proved Socialist, though a violent opponent of Bolshevism, on account of his experiences with the Bolsheviki in Armenia.

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REVIVING RUSSIA

According to information received from a gentleman who has just returned from the Crimea, where he has resided for five years, most of the time under Bolshevist rule, the famine is gradually passing away. One notes the change upon the streets, where it is no longer a common thing to see the bodies of animals and human corpses lying unattended. Horses again look well-fed; and most of the wares found in western Europe can be purchased in the shops if one has enough money. Crop prospects are excellent so far as the fields have been planted; but it will take several years to restore normal agricultural prosperity on account of the shortage of seed and of draft animals. The famine has been followed by a plague of mice, due to the fact that most of the cats were eaten during the famine. To-day a good mouser is worth sixty million rubles.

In Asiatic Russia a process of political and economic centralization is under way. At an economic congress held at Tashkent last March, it was decided to establish a single commercial, agricultural, postal, and railway administration for Bokhara, Turkestan, and Khiva, and to abolish the paper currency issued by the individual states. Simultaneously the Russian system of taxes will be introduced in Khiva and Bokhara. These changes mark a reversal of the policy of decentralization hitherto followed by the Soviet Government.

The resumption of private trading has made progress in the cities, but lags behind in the country, because merchants in the provinces are still subject to the arbitrary dictates of local authorities. Ruinous taxes are levied upon them, and they cannot secure credit. The result is that many of the private shops opened when the new decree went into effect have been closed, and those who thus embarked their capital have lost all they possessed.

Between the Bolshevist revolution and the introduction of the new economic policy a year ago, the population of the cities rapidly declined. With the partial restoration of private trading and private industry, the urban population is again increasing. For example Moscow, which had 952,000 inhabitants registered at the end of August, 1920, now reports 1,441,744. Many provincial towns have grown thirty to sixty per cent.

Arcos, Ltd., which acts as the commercial agent for the Russian Government and handles practically all the trade between Great Britain and Russia, has published full-page advertisements in the English papers, containing a summary of its transactions through the United Kingdom. These aggregated, between January, 1920, and April 30, 1923, — a period of two years and four months, — somewhat over $100,000,000; or in round numbers $60,000,000 worth of goods purchased through Great Britain, and $40,000,000 worth of produce sold to that country or through British agencies. Further-

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more, Arcos has made contracts to deliver the present year some $65,000,000 worth of timber, grain, flax, oil, minerals, and furs to the United Kingdom, and is negotiating for the purchase there of coal, machinery, and chemicals to the value of over $15,000,000. 'Last year Arcos chartered eighty-two British steamers for this business, apart from the large number of part cargoes which went by regular lines.' The announcement concludes as follows: —

> There is one point on which there seems to be considerable misunderstanding in the British Press — the question of compensation for property nationalized by the Russian Government. On more than one occasion the Russian Government has stated its willingness to come to terms with former owners of property in Russia. That this is no mere empty promise is proved by the agreements concluded, for example, in connection with the timber industry of Northern Russia.
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> At the present time the majority of claims relating to the northern timber-region have been settled — including that of the British Government for £180,000. Private claims have actually been settled through the establishment of a number of mixed companies with Norwegian, Dutch, and English capital; among these may be mentioned the Russangloless, the Russholandless, and the Russnorvegoless. These companies have been granted concessions by the Russian Government and have in fact already made considerable progress in their work. Out of the profits representing their share in the enterprises, the former property-owners find the compensation for their former rights.
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> There can be no doubt whatever that if other so-called 'creditors of Russia' would enter into negotiations they would probably be equally successful in getting a settlement of their claim, which, while giving them the material compensation they desire, would at the same time help in the restoration of Russian industry, to the mutual benefit of all parties.

THE SANTIAGO CONFERENCE

Was the Pan-American Congress at Santiago a failure? The South American and the European press so rate it. *La Prensa*, of Buenos Aires, attributes this to the deep and secret resentment the Latin-American delegates felt at the preponderant influence of the United States, and Washington's desire 'to bring about an economic and commercial unification of all America.' It compliments the American delegation, however, and especially Dr. Rowe, Director of the Bureau of American Republics, for showing 'great talent and delicate tact in handling the situation.' In addition to this fundamental obstacle, 'the absence of Mexico, Peru, and Bolivia, the unsettled question of the Pacific, the protests of Haiti and Santo Domingo against the military intervention of the United States, and the reciprocal irritability of other Republics made the success of the Conference hopeless.' Its failure was signalized by its virtual sanctioning of an armed peace against the real conviction of all the delegates; and therefore 'the Pan-American Congress adjourned leaving an unsolved problem of transcendental importance for this half of the hemisphere: the problem arising out of the struggle between two ideals, the feudal romanticism of military castes, and the liberal aspirations of those who would preserve and redeem our civilization.'

España, a Madrid Liberal weekly, says: 'The only triumph at Santiago was the triumph of the people in a hurry,' for the Conference concluded its labors with model promptness. The failure to agree upon disarmament is regarded as a disaster. 'A modern cruiser costs to-day about 5,000,000 pounds sterling, a sum that would build and equip ready for operation 600 miles of railway in South America.'

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A Spanish correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle* interpreted the Congress as a struggle between the United States, which desires to monopolize the Monroe Doctrine for its own interests, and Latin America, whose Governments are seeking to put that Doctrine in the keeping of a Pan-American League. Spain hoped that the Conference might mark the beginning of an era of fraternal coöperation among the American Governments — a hope that seems destined to be disappointed.

The German press attributes the comparative non-success of the Conference to the unanimous resentment of the South American Republics at Washington's attitude toward Mexico, but hails with approval the Disarmament Treaty entered into by the Central American Republics, and the Arbitration Treaty agreed upon by the representatives of the same States, to which our country is also a party.

British dispatches are, almost without exception, sarcastic and critical. The correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* reported that the Conference 'gave evidence of a high spirit of solidarity,' but that 'from a practical point of view nothing has been done.' The Argentine delegation was honestly in favor of disarmament, but Brazil and Chile, who were working together, defeated this programme, the former by demanding an unfair army-ratio, the latter by placing the naval minimum too high.

The *Times* speaks of the Conference as a comparative failure. It emphasizes the compromise reached in regard to representation in the Pan-American Union, which was formerly confined to diplomatic representatives accredited to Washington. That system enabled the United States Government to exclude from the Union any country it desired by refusing to recognize its Minister — as happened, for instance, in the case of Mexico. Under the new arrangement, a Government whose diplomatic relations with the United States are interrupted nevertheless has the right to name a special representative. The change is regarded as a victory of Latin America over Anglo-Saxon hegemony. The stress laid upon economic questions in the agenda was offensive to many Latin Americans, who regarded it as an attempt on the part of the United States to secure a privileged position in their markets.

> The shadow of the Monroe Doctrine lay over the Conference. It became more and more apparent as the weeks went by that the Doctrine must be considered as the special and sole possession of the United States, something in whose application no help is needed or desired. However right and expedient this may seem to the Government of the United States, it nevertheless presents the Monroe Doctrine to Latin-American eyes rather as the right of North Americans to interfere in their affairs than as a guaranty of political independence against European conquest; and the happenings at Santiago, rightly or wrongly, have increased this fear. . . . If anything, it was the spirit of Latin-Americanism rather than Pan-Americanism that was encouraged at Santiago.

A Spanish-American resident of Great Britain concludes a sarcastic letter to the *Times* upon the Conference with the following sentence, which is illuminating, not as expressing the attitude of all or perhaps even an influential minority of the people of our sister republics, but nevertheless as voicing a sentiment that must be reckoned with and understood: —

> So long as our 'elder brother of the North' will persist in instituting a Pan-American Confederation with a Central Government at Washington, so long will it be 'not a bad joke'!

Among the measures of European counter-propaganda to the Santiago

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Conference may be included the *Congrès de la Presse Latine* at Paris. At this meeting, which was reported at length in South American journals and attended by several Latin-American journalists, it was decided to establish a permanent Latin press-bureau at Paris; and the editors present agreed 'to publish a department in their papers entitled "Latin-American News," in order to accustom their readers to the idea that there are Latin and non-Latin countries, and that the former are their closest kin in both mind and blood.'

The comment upon this conference discloses the sentiment that inspired it: 'English and Americans have the immense advantage of absolute linguistic unity. There is no Anglo-Saxon language, only the English tongue. The Scandinavian countries, Holland, Germany, and German-Austria, are closely allied by ties of language, literature, and thought. . . . Spanish is already a more important commercial language than French, on account of South America. . . . That is an opening through which Germanic influences find ready access to purely Latin territory.'

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IRISH ISSUES

LAND, labor, and religion promise to be outstanding issues in Ireland — if British and Irish press-comment afford a basis for reliable prognostication — as soon as the personal and political animosities, already beginning to spend their force, have subsided. The land question will not down, especially in the West, the region of the small farmer. Land and politics are closely associated. Fathers are conservative Free-Staters, while landless sons whose chief aim in life is to get a farm, and who are not particular how they do so, favor the Republicans. Indeed, Sovietism is cropping out here and there.

The *Freeman's Journal* reports several rural Soviets in West Clare. These do not aspire to the higher and more idealistic functions of government upon which Lenin and his colleagues lay much stress. Their aim is exclusively practical and material. They consist of groups of landless men who organize and seize considerable stretches of farm land and grazing-country and levy rents from the legitimate owners. The *Freeman's Journal* says: 'The real blame rests, not with the peasants who exploit the chaos for their own profit, but with those who provide them with the opportunity. . . . The Toorahara Soviet and other enterprises in Clare and outside it are the concrete expression of Irregular theories in practice.'

A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* predicts that the coming elections will return some twenty Republicans out of a hundred and fifty seats to the next Parliament, and that the discontented and semilawless class of small farmers' younger sons will constitute the most numerous element in the Republican electorate. However, Labor is proselyting among the rural laborers and encouraging agrarian discontent. Some of its radical leaders propose to confiscate not only the big estates but the excess holdings of all farmers who own more than two hundred acres. The cooler heads among the Labor people do not back such a programme, but it is likely to divert a part of the restless rural vote to the Labor ticket, and may give that party one third of the seats in the next Parliament.

There is certain to be an agricultural bloc in any Irish legislature. Indeed, it will probably be the strongest group in the coming Parliament. Its members are expected to support the present Free State Government, because they will be Moderates and Conservatives anxious to restore order as speedily and

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with as little friction as possible. Lastly there is a Government or National Party, whose stronghold is among professional and business men — except in Cork and one or two other towns. This party is likely to break up when the task of returning law and order has been completed, and the Government is running along normal lines, because it is essentially a coalition of men of different temperaments and economic and political theories, who for the present are willing to subordinate their personal opinions on other subjects to the supreme task of making the Free State a going concern.

The position of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is not a political issue. The people are as regular as ever in their religious devotion. Republicans and Free-Staters attend Mass. There is little 'free thought' even in Labor ranks. Yet the younger generation has lost to a large extent the traditional respect for the clergy that characterized their fathers. They pay little heed to clerical advice in secular matters. Most Catholic laymen believe the power of the Church has been permanently weakened. But the outsider whose vision is untroubled by the dust of the recent conflict will doubt this. The Protestant minority has accepted the change of the Government, and its members are now staunch supporters of the Free State. Numerically they are so weak that they excite no jealousy among their Catholic neighbors, who are inclined to be friendly toward them. The only complaint a Protestant farmer in South Ireland had to make to a recent visitor from England was that the Catholics have christened daylight-saving time — which, like all farmers, he hated bitterly — 'Protestant time,' in contradistinction to 'Catholic time' or 'God's time.'

PERENNIAL WAR–PROPHECIES

CLARE SHERIDAN, whose sympathy for Russia dates from her visit to Moscow on an artist's adventure over two years ago, writes to the London Labor organ, the *Daily Herald*, from Königsberg, that the Poles, with the support of France and the secret sympathy of Great Britain, are preparing to attack Russia. They hope for better success than in 1920, because Lenin is eliminated, Germany is paralyzed by the Ruhr, and France is prepared to give stronger support than ever to such an enterprise. Danzig must be eliminated first, because German sympathizers with Russia prevented French munitions from reaching Poland during the 1920 campaign by calling a strike of the wharf laborers in that city. Mussolini — who wishes to finish completely the prostrate Bolshevist movement in Italy by destroying Bolshevism in Russia — and Lord Curzon are, according to Socialist alarmists, chief conspirators in this enterprise.

A recent resolution of the Polish Chamber, called upon the Government to take stern measures with Danzig, in fact, to quote the words of a translation given in the English press, 'to impose with all firmness on the territory of the free city of Danzig customs-legislation and an administration in the widest sense of the words subordinate to the legislation and authority of the Polish Republic, so as to obviate the existing abuses and illegalities in the free city of Danzig and its executive organs, which are causing incalculable losses to the whole economic life of Poland.'

The aggressive attitude of the Poles, just at the time of the visit of General Foch to Poland and Czechoslovakia, is interpreted as part of this scheme.

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HOW GERMANY EVADES REPARATIONS

BY EDGAR BRUN

From *Revue Politique et Parlementaire, May* 10
(PARIS INDEPENDENT POLITICAL-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

SINCE the occupation of the Ruhr public opinion in Europe has been divided into two camps, and little by little we are returning to the mentality that swayed these two camps during the war. Nowhere is this unhappy condition more deplorable than in Switzerland, a land situated between the two antagonists. Let me add that the Swiss, whose money retains its normal value and whose industries are highly developed, are in a position to understand especially well the ultimate causes preventing the solution of the Reparations question.

On the other hand, I realize what a delicate matter it is for a Swiss citizen to express himself on this complex subject. Therefore I shall confine myself to relating merely what I have seen in the course of my travels during the last few years. I am intimately familiar with financial and commercial conditions in my own country. I believe that my facts come from the most reliable sources. I may add that my conclusions are entirely personal and independent. They must not be taken to represent the public opinion of Switzerland itself.

To understand what is occurring in Germany now we must review briefly her recent past. Germany as she represented herself at the end of the war, and Germany as she actually was, were two quite different things. Where there appeared to be a revolution and a complete overturn of the political government, there was in truth merely a coup d'état — followed, it is true, by popular disturbances, though poorly organized and led.

What occurred was merely the logical conclusion of the changes that had been going on in Germany since 1917. During the war the old military governing class was rapidly thinned out. Those who fell on the field of battle had to be replaced. The new recruits that thus filtered into the officers' corps came mostly from prominent families in industrial and commercial life. As early as 1915 men of this class had begun to penetrate into spheres hitherto inaccessible to their ambition. The nation sadly needed their organizing talent. They were used to keep the proletariat in check. Their vigorous propaganda had a formidable effect in their own country; but the measures these self-made men took to get their results did not make the impression desired abroad.

In fact, Germany's new politicians utterly lacked tact and intuition. They had no past experience and no true culture. Their patriotism was for the most part pocketbook loyalty. Arrogant by instinct and brutal by temperament, they gradually seized control of the highest posts in the hierarchy of the Empire. To them is due in a large degree the blundering futility of German policies during the war. Mannesmann became an attaché of the Foreign Office, and conceived the extraordinary plan of inducing Switzerland to join Germany by promising her Savoy and a Mediterranean port. What utter simplicity, what ignorance of history,

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what lack of the most elementary conception of Swiss national psychology this wild project shows! And yet that man was far more intelligent than most of his colleagues.

Born in their factories and promoted for the most part from subaltern position, such men unavoidably had a distorted idea of life and politics. Having seized the helm of a great State, they imagined that all that was necessary to guide its destinies was to follow the precedents they had learned in their little workshops. Such was the idea, for instance, of the man who was in full charge of German propaganda throughout the war. He owned a large industrial establishment and was imbued with the idea that all Germany needed was 'a well-thought-out and boldly carried-out advertising programme such as our great commercial houses use.' If you want to get rid of damaged goods, and can do so by advertising them widely enough, why not adopt the same plan to make credit for a damaged cause? It is this mentality that has so far prevented Germany's regeneration.

There is not a word of exaggeration in what I say. Communism is practically nonexistent in Germany. The Socialists, preoccupied mainly with washing their own dirty linen, are held in check by the Conservatives. More than that, Socialists of every school back up the great industrialists more or less, some because they fear the ultra-Right, some as a matter of tactics, and many as a result of a bargain.

Therefore the great leaders of industry and commerce are above parties, properly speaking. They play in turn the Left against the Right, and the Right against the Left, and are the real masters of Germany. They have bought great metropolitan papers and little local papers. They have done this openly and brutally, without disguise, in many cases forming great corporations to run the daily press. It is in this way Stinnes controls, if I am not mistaken, some one hundred and fifty-six newspapers and magazines. The people are worked upon day and night, and public opinion is directed in whatever channel the man at the top designates. Two weeks ago, when I last returned from Germany, I was appalled by the terrible effects of this journalistic prostitution of opinion — effects the more tragic because the economic condition of the people is steadily growing worse.

But this propaganda spreads abroad, crosses frontiers, is organized, so to speak, on a war basis; and it is all the more effective because it is independent of the Government. It has all the efficiency of a private business.

It is an established fact that ever since the Armistice high finance in Germany has designedly exerted itself to destroy the currency. All the world knows that Europe has been flooded with marks. German propaganda encouraged wild speculation in them in both Europe and America. Vast sums of money have thus been transferred to German hands in return for paper bills that have rapidly grown worthless. So vast has been the scale of these operations that it is impossible to measure them with precision; but they prove that Germany's credit abroad was solid even after she lost the war.

Let me say here that when the Armistice was signed Germany's monetary system was not undermined as it was a short time later. Her unsecured circulation was remarkably small. Conditions were favorable for issuing a great Reparations loan, but no one thought of doing so. Instead, the Germans set out to borrow money in large quantities from every money market in the world, particularly London, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Spain, and America — especially South America.

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These facts are not affected by the statement recently made by the Swiss Government to the effect that German credits in our country are now actually less than they were before the war. In any case, they are very large and are constantly growing.

Germany's foreign credits, particularly in Switzerland, are derived from several sources. The public, which is ill-informed in such matters ordinarily, is aware only of the direct sale of marks — that is, of bank notes. Undoubtedly operations of that kind were important, especially immediately after the Armistice — that is to say, at the time when the German export-trade had not yet revived and was not methodically organized as it is to-day. German experts have estimated the quantity of German bank notes circulating abroad at a minimum of thirty billion marks. Bearing in mind that these remained at a relatively high value for a long period, and that the large sales abroad occurred principally prior to the end of 1921, we have every reason to suppose that the price received for these marks was at least equivalent to five billion gold francs. That is equal to fifteen billion French francs at the present rate of exchange. Beyond question the greater portion of that sum has been pocketed by Germans. We must add to this German credits resulting from the sale of jewelry and art objects abroad. The dethronement of the royal and princely houses of Germany, and the confiscation of much of the property of the nobility, caused a great flood of articles of value to flow out of the country. It is impossible even to guess the sum that was realized for them, but that sum must be placed to the credit of the sellers.

Germany has acquired foreign credits from a third source — the sale of her securities in foreign exchanges. Such sales have been very heavy indeed. Prior to the war the German people owned foreign securities worth at least twenty-five billion gold marks. The owners were happier than those of France, because they lost comparatively nothing by the Russian debacle. The Germans never had much faith in Russian bonds. After the Treaty of Versailles, of course, the securities issued in the Allied countries that were owned by Germans were seized so far as possible to pay Allied claims against the German Government. However, the measures taken to accomplish this were so clumsy and so carelessly applied that they failed largely to attain their purpose. German financiers smuggled such securities across the frontier and into the hands of ostensibly innocent purchasers. Switzerland and Holland were the great markets for their disposal.

The agents who handled this business in Switzerland were mostly lawyers. They undertook to get the securities out of Germany. Shady emissaries poured into the country from every direction with such paper to sell. Soon there were special exchanges established for securities not guaranteed to be owned by neutrals — that is to say, not having documentary proof that they had had a neutral owner for several years. Securities without such proof naturally sold at a discount. For example, I know of cases where bonds of the same issue ranged in price from four hundred and forty-five to seven hundred and fifty Swiss francs, according to whether they had a verified neutral title or not. A single large German bank has sold such securities in Zurich alone in lots of ten million dollars, operating through a little local banker. For instance, important German holdings in the Liebig Trust of London were disposed of through Switzerland. Victoria Falls, Lima

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Light, Tientsin-Pukhow, Chinese 1896 Loan, Chinese Reorganization Loan, Japanese 4½% and 5% bonds, Steaua Romana, and numerous other bonds and debentures of all kinds were disposed of via Switzerland. The dollars and pounds sterling paid for them to the German owners were transmitted forthwith to London or to Holland. The purchasers were left with the delicate task of perfecting the title on these securities, and it is hard to believe that they could have succeeded in doing so without help from people directly connected with the companies originally issuing the securities.

French 3% and 3½% bonds and bank shares were likewise fraudulently spirited out of Germany; but operations in them were rather limited because of the difficulty of securing the verification of title mentioned. However, a large quantity of Rumanian securities passed from Berlin to Paris via the hands of agents in the occupied territories!

At Berlin an international group of very bad reputation specialized in these Rumanian shares. Its members succeeded in selling such shares to the value of several hundred million francs in Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, and France. The forging of stamps and of fraudulent declarations reached such proportions that the Rumanian Government sent a special mission in 1922 to Switzerland and Belgium to investigate the abuse. Although the chairman was M. Baicoyano, manager of the Rumanian National Bank, the mission accomplished little. The reason is not far to seek, for a full disclosure would have started a scandal immeasurably worse than the Panama scandal, and would have ruined forever too many high reputations.

Of late such operations have declined, because Germany has sold most of her securities. However, important banks in the Netherlands are still engaged in this business for the convenience of their patrons.

No one will ever know the exact sum derived from these sales, but unquestionably the amount is very large, and we are justified in asking how the German Government explains its inability to pay certain installments upon its obligations when a single German bank is able to throw on the market in one day securities worth more than twelve million dollars.

Moreover, there is still another source upon which the Germans are drawing to strengthen their financial position in the world. It is the most abundant source of all, because it is inexhaustible. I mean German exports. The whole world knows that Germany's balance of trade is against her. Were we to depend upon her official statistics, we might infer that hopeless ruin stared her in the face. In any case, the steady decline of the mark proves that the supply of this currency exceeds the demand. The depreciation of Germany's money is due to the deficit of exports compared with imports. But if we were to balance bills receivable against bills payable, should we get the same result? That is the thing we want to know. As soon as we delve into this subject we begin to have serious doubts, and soon discover that German statistics should inspire no confidence whatever in an intelligent man.

In the case of imports, duties are based on price at the time of entry. These duties, rated in paper marks, are generally far below the original cost; for the importer bought the goods a considerable period previously, at a nominally lower price, because the constantly depreciating mark was worth more at the time of the purchase.

Turning to exports, the reverse is true, because the prices obtained abroad are not taken into account. The department in charge of export

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licenses in Germany is under serious suspicion. I have been a party to export operations, and know personally that these licenses are often sold, and that it is exceedingly difficult to procure them without bribing certain employees. It is easy to see, therefore, that the exporter himself at least settles the valuation of the merchandise he ships, even if he does not make an outright false declaration — substituting goods of one class or quality for those of another — which is sometimes done.

I do not wish to generalize. That is always dangerous. I merely wish to point out that such abuses are very common. Now add to this the fact that the price at which exported merchandise is sold is not taken into account, even where the licenses are honest. Why is this? The answer is simple. Ever since 1920 German exporters, in order to place their money out of the reach of the tax-collector, have established agencies abroad. I know personally certain lawyers in Switzerland whose principal business is acting as such agents. The procedure is simple. Let me illustrate it by a concrete instance.

A Dresden factory exports machinery. Its attorney in Switzerland organizes two companies under Swiss laws. One of them, with a capital of several million francs, is a holding company — that is to say, it acquires a majority of the shares in the Dresden factory, which it thereafter votes and upon which it receives dividends. But in order that these dividends may not be excessive a further arrangement is made. A second Swiss corporation, with a capital of only five thousand francs, is organized, which makes a contract with the first Swiss corporation for the exclusive right to sell its products outside of Germany. The factory sends a confidential agent to Switzerland to take charge of this sales company. His office consists of a little room with a table, a couple of chairs, a typewriter, and nothing else. The whole idea is to keep no records. Purchasers send their orders to the Swiss office. The trusted agent, who constitutes the 'corporation,' is the ostensible seller. He acknowledges orders, fills them, and collects the money.

Suppose a purchaser buys machinery to the value of one hundred thousand francs. The German company does not appear in the transaction. The Swiss company notifies Dresden that it has bought machinery from the works to the value of sixty thousand francs. They are shipped at a declared valuation of sixty thousand francs. The additional forty thousand francs received for the machinery remains on deposit in Switzerland. This is the simple procedure by which credits are accumulated abroad. In the aggregate these credits are now a formidable sum, for there is no German house of standing that does not have millions thus salted away in foreign countries. Several thousand companies have been formed in Switzerland since 1919 for the sole purpose of facilitating the exportation of German capital.

By this ingenious device Germans are accumulating with automatic precision large foreign credits, while the mark depreciates *pari passu*. But there is a still worse aspect. These evaders dodge, so far as possible, paying taxes even in Switzerland. In order to do so, they manage, with the advice of their shrewd Swiss lawyers, to establish a residence in a canton where taxes are very low. This explains why many of the companies I mention, although they do their business in Zurich, nominally have their headquarters in Glarus, which levies very light taxes.

What is the approximate total of the export profits that Germans have thus

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deposited in foreign countries, particularly Switzerland? No one knows. The closest examination of our official records in Switzerland would not show how many German firms have established such agencies as I mention in our country. All we can say is that the difference between the declared value of German exports and the actual sum received for these exports is deposited mainly in the banks of London, the Netherlands, and Switzerland. These deposits bear no relation to the actual imports of German goods into these countries. For instance, the Swiss banks hold immense sums collected upon goods shipped to Italy and South America.

The men who are guiding Germany's destinies to-day are quite aware of this situation. . . . I am convinced that Germany industry and finance might raise a large sum to pay upon Reparations by means of a gold loan. Naturally the essential condition for the success of such a loan would be a return to the gold standard. However, any device to stabilize the mark is likely to fail so long as present conditions prevail.

On the other hand, I am inclined to think that a return to the gold standard will be very difficult, and that the only practical road to safety is an economic entente between France and Germany, and a financial policy agreed upon between Paris and Berlin and faithfully followed by them.

FRANCE'S FALLACIOUS PLEA

BY BERNHARD RAUSCH

From *Die Glocke, May 7*
(Socialist Chauvinist Weekly)

A principal device of France in her campaign to discredit Germany is to compare the rapid payment of the French war indemnity after 1871 with Germany's alleged intentional evasion of her present obligations to France. For example, the *Ligue Souvenez-Vous* has distributed in America millions of copies of propaganda material intended to impose upon the average American's scanty knowledge of European affairs, in which such statements as the following occur: —

France, though defeated, bleeding, crushed, impoverished, made it a matter of patriotic honor to pay within a year the first installment of two billion francs, and to pay the remaining three billions a full year before it was due, in order to free herself from the heel of the conqueror.

Matin recently published an article by Stéphane Lausanne upon the conduct of France after the war of 1870 and 1871, which was widely circulated in the Rhine country. After mentioning the cordial words of recognition which Kaiser William I addressed to the French ambassador, on March 15, 1873, after the final payment of the French war indemnity, the writer says in conclusion: —

That is a commendation that M. Millerand will never be able to repeat to a

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German ambassador. Germany has more resources than France. What she lacks is honor.

The Germans, caught napping here as in so many other instances, have let the French score a point where an honest study of the facts shows our country at a great advantage. Indeed Germans need fear no comparison with 1871.

We Social-Democrats, while retracting nothing from our condemnation of Bismarck's shortsighted and brutal domestic policies, are compelled to recognize the wise moderation which he showed to his conquered enemies, in the face of bitter opposition from the Prussian generals and junkers. We must also admit the prudent circumspection with which he strove to preserve the peace of Europe during the decades of his chancellorship. We realize, of course, that Bismarck's consideration for the conquered was not inspired by pacifist motives, but was the result of cool, businesslike calculation. However, this only makes it the more disgraceful, from both the moral and the intellectual standpoint, for Poincaré, Millerand, and Foch, despite the liberal and humanitarian phrases always on their lips, to fail so utterly to measure up to the Iron Chancellor of Prussia in actual deeds of peace.

The first significant point is the different reception given by all countries to the peace terms of 1871 and 1919. France, with the suffering she had inflicted on Germany in 1806 still fresh in her memory, expected much harsher conditions, and feared that she would be forced to submit to the loss of her navy and to a radical reduction of her army, in addition to an even larger indemnity than was actually imposed. But Bismarck resisted obstinately the pressure brought to bear upon him to impose humiliating conditions upon our defeated enemy. On May 21, 1871, when the ratifications of the Peace Treaty were exchanged, he stated that the Governments of the two hitherto hostile states were solely intent upon resuming the friendly relations that their many common interests counseled them to maintain.

Quite naturally it was a bitter experience for France, recently so powerful, to accept peace terms from the Germans, whom her people had hitherto despised. The period from February 26, 1871, when the preliminary peace was signed, to the tenth of May, was occupied with a lively debate over the interpretation and the execution of the peace terms. But Bismarck's ready concessions to the wishes of France in respect to indemnity payments and the evacuation, 'out of consideration for the present Government and to avoid making things harder for M. Thiers,' gave evidence of a farsighted desire for reconciliation — a desire the more commendable because France was already preaching revanche, and Bismarck foresaw the thirst for vengeance that she would nurse after a German victory and the deep wound inflicted on her century-old pride and self-esteem. Bismarck sought, first of all, the welfare of Germany. But he had a profound sense of the natural unity of the European political system, which all the Great Powers were jointly interested in maintaining. François Louis Guetant, President of the Lyon Section of the *Ligue des Droits d'Homme*, thus described the moderation of Germany at this time, in a public letter to Barthou after the Genoa Conference last year: —

'After her defeat, France was not forced to accept conditions that imperiled her existence and her honor. She was compelled to return Alsace, a former German province taken from

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the old German Empire by force of arms, and that part of Lorraine which was supposed to afford a natural wall against the invasions from which Germany had suffered from century to century. France also had to pay the cost of the war, which was fixed at once at five billion francs. On the other hand, however, she remained mistress of herself. She was free to pursue whatever policy she willed, both at home and abroad; she was not humiliated; her sovereignty was respected; the conqueror did not insult her; and, in accordance with the precedents of all time and all nations, the treaty that ended the war was negotiated between the two parties who signed it. It was a peace treaty, a treaty providing for immediate peace — a peace that remained unbroken for forty years, and blessed all Europe, Alsace with the rest. It left no crushed nations and no economic and financial catastrophes in in its wake. Every country was permitted to reap the fruits of its own labor.'

How different has been the attitude of France toward us! That explains the bitter sense of betrayal that the German people feel when they compare the solemn promises the Allies made them, at the time of the Armistice, with the Versailles dictate and what has followed it. When we laid down our arms in 1918 we assumed that the statesmen of the Entente would observe the canons of conduct they had so piously preached. Wilson declared on April 6, 1918: 'We are ready to be just to the German people in the final reckoning, and to deal as honorably with Germany as with other Powers.' In utter violation of these promises, Germany — after a few weak and futile protests by Lloyd George and Wilson — was handed over, helpless, to French imperialism thirsting for military and economic hegemony in Europe at the cost of a ruined Germany.

While Germany in 1871 thought first of European peace and welcomed the recovery of France, the main aim of France has been to put Germany in the position of a treaty-breaker by imposing upon her impossible conditions, and thus to secure everything for herself that she was not able to get by the Versailles Treaty — I mean, to make the Rhine her military and political frontier and usurp control of the Rhenish-Westphalian industrial district, and thereby to assure French iron- and steel-masters supremacy in Europe. This is the only explanation, for instance, of what Poincaré told the French journalists on July 26, 1922: —

> For my part, I attach more importance to the occupation of Germany than to collecting Reparations. The only way to salvage anything from the Versailles Treaty is so to arrange matters that our conquered enemy cannot fulfill it.

The Peace of Frankfort, signed on May 10, 1871, fixed the full amount of Germany's claims, and limited the war indemnity to five billion gold francs, though Bismarck had originally demanded six billion francs. Public opinion was not unanimous in Germany over taking back Alsace-Lorraine. The Social-Democrats opposed that measure. Nevertheless the greater part of those provinces were old historical German territories, torn from Germany by force.

What a Magna Charta of injustice is the Versailles dictate, with its ponderous tome filled with largely impossible conditions, compared with this early document! Territories inhabited overwhelmingly by Germans have been wrested from our country on every side. She has lost one eighth of her area and one tenth of her population. The London ultimatum of May 5, 1921, set the sum that Germany should pay for Reparations at the fantastic figure of one hundred and thirty-two billion

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gold marks. We can judge what an insult such a dictate was to financial common sense, by paralleling this demand with the recent Anglo-American agreement for paying the British debt to the United States! Great Britain came out of the war comparatively unweakened. She has the raw materials of the whole world to draw upon from her colonies and dependencies. And yet she was granted sixty-two years, instead of the thirty to forty years allowed Germany, to pay less than seventeen billion gold marks to the United States, as compared with the one hundred and thirty-two billions Germany was to pay the Allies; and the interest rate she was required to pay was lower.

Even more glaring, if possible, is the contrast between the economic aspects of the two treaties. The Frankfort peace produced no disturbance in the economic life of France. Her foreign trade increased from six billion three hundred million francs the year before the war to seven billion one hundred and fifty million francs in 1872. She was at once granted the most-favored-nation treatment by Germany. Bismarck not only refrained from annexing French colonies, as many Germans urged, but even benevolently welcomed the colonial expansion of France in Africa and Asia.

According to a contemporary estimate, the total financial losses of France in the war of 1870–1871, including the war indemnity, war loans, interest, decreases of revenue during the war, the deficits that followed immediately afterward, and government property surrendered to Germany in Alsace-Lorraine, amounted to but fifteen billion three hundred million francs.

Contrast with this the Versailles Treaty. It deprives Germany of iron, coal, agricultural districts important in her domestic economy, all her colonies, her merchant fleet, and her investments abroad. Germany's payments in money and kind, in addition to these losses, up to the end of 1922, amount to nearly forty-three billion gold marks. These enormous losses and exorbitant payments have ruined Germany's currency. The value of the mark has wasted away to almost nothing. When the Armistice was signed, five and a half marks would buy an American dollar. As I write these lines, it takes twenty-nine thousand marks to buy a dollar. Deprived of credit at home and abroad, Germany is no more able to pay Reparations than France could have done in 1871 had she been robbed of her credit.

While Germany to-day looks vainly for credit, France in 1871 possessed abundant resources. In June 1871, the French Government was authorized by the National Assembly to raise a loan of two billion francs. This was issued at eighty-two and a half per cent. There were three hundred thousand subscribers, and nearly five billion francs were tendered the Government. The first five payments to Germany, amounting to half a billion francs, were delivered at Strassburg, during June and July, 1871. By the end of September, a billion and a half had been paid. As fast as payments were made, the German army of occupation was withdrawn.

In July 1872, France decided to raise at once the remainder of the indemnity, or three and a half billion francs, in order to get the last German troops off her soil immediately. She offered her loan at eighty-four and a half per cent, the interest amounting to 6.17 per cent. Subscription offices were opened in Brussels, Amsterdam, Hamburg, Frankfort, and Berlin, and the total subscriptions were nearly forty-four billion francs, or more than forty

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billion in excess of the amount required. On November 13, 1872, Thiers was able to declare proudly in his message to the National Assembly that the credit of France stood higher than ever; that she had expended eight billions of money in two years without disturbing business; that she had collected enormous revenues without ruining the taxpayers; that she had balanced her budget; that she had raised nearly two hundred million francs to pay upon the principal of her debt, and that notwithstanding all this the volume of her manufactures and trade had increased more than seven hundred million within a year. Throughout this period, her money remained at par, because the balance of trade was favorable to France.

On the other hand, the five billion francs of war indemnity that we received from France did not benefit Germany as was anticipated. The sudden gold inflation stimulated business abnormally, and in the year 1872 alone five hundred and three new corporations were formed. In May 1873 we had a great panic, followed by several years of acute business depression. Léon Say, in his financial report to the French Chamber of Deputies in 1875, reported with a touch of malicious delight that the business of France had suffered no injury from the war indemnity, while 'other nations are involved in a serious financial crisis the effects of which have been disastrous on many continental exchanges.' Indeed, not a few German economists asserted at the time that France's war indemnity was a gift of the Greeks.

I do not wish to minimize in the slightest France's great achievement in paying in full the five billion francs she owed us by March 5, 1873. But the fact that she was able to do so proves chiefly this: that Germany's demands were reasonable; and moreover that Germany observed honestly the treaty she had made, and did not, as Poincaré has done, try to extort larger sums subsequently, for the explicit purpose of ruining her recent enemy. Germany did the contrary to this. She encouraged the revival of business in France, in order to make it easier for that country to fulfill her treaty obligations.

Another important point. Let us compare Germany's occupation of France with the French occupation of Germany to-day. Germany's occupation of France lasted thirty months and two weeks, from March 3, 1871, to September 16, 1873. The occupation of the Rhine country under the Versailles Treaty is to last fifteen years, and Poincaré insists that this period of fifteen years has not even yet begun.

In 1871 Germany at first occupied nineteen departments. Four months later she had withdrawn from all but six eastern departments and Belfort. She purposely hastened the withdrawal of her troops to oblige France and to strengthen the authority of the French Government. In contrast with this, France, in open defiance of the Versailles Treaty and of international law, has steadily enlarged her area of occupation, has seized the Ruhr, and has invaded with armed forces other districts in northern and southern Germany.

The German army of occupation in France, after November 1871, consisted of only fifty thousand men. The Franco-Belgian army of occupation in the Rhineland alone, not including the newly occupied territories, numbers one hundred and forty-five thousand men. The German costs of occupation in France, during the thirty months and two weeks her army was on the soil of that country, amounted to 340,737,500 gold francs. Each German soldier cost France 3.31

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gold francs a day, because Germany charged France merely for rations and quarters for her men. Compared to this, the French costs of occupation in the Rhineland for the last thirty months and six weeks amount to 6,024,417,157 gold francs, or seventeen and a half times the cost of the German occupation for an equal period. Every French soldier in the Rhine country costs Germany daily 33.83 gold francs, or more than eleven times what a German soldier cost France from 1871 to 1873. Only two months of French occupation in the Rhineland cost 395,048,986 gold francs, or fifty-four million gold francs more than Germany's entire occupation of France after the war of 1870.

But what counts even more against the honor of France in connection with the occupation is the difference between the moral conduct of the occupying troops toward the civilian population. Our evacuation of France before the time set by the Frankfort Treaty was merely the final act of a series of mutual concessions. Shortly before the last German troops left that country, Thiers presented the German commanding officer, General von Manteuffel, with a copy of his *History of the Consulate and Empire*, with a dedication in which he thanked him for his 'humane and noble administration of the occupied territories.' Contrast with this the passionate protest of Doctor Grützner, representing the local German authorities, to General Degoutte, after the assassination of our workingmen in Essen. Of course our Prussian officers were no more snow-white angels at that time than they have been later, and the hardships of the occupation were often felt severely enough by French civilians; but the fact remains that François Hanotaux, in his book, *Contemporary France*, felt called upon to point out that 'the benevolent and conciliatory spirit of concession in Berlin' extended also to the Germans in the occupied departments. Let me quote further in confirmation a German order of the day, dated 1871: —

> While the war has often compelled us to adopt vigorous measures, peace obligates us to show the utmost possible consideration. We are the victors. Therefore it is our duty to be generous and to spare the sensibilities of the defeated.

In any case, the German army of 1870 stood out in shining contrast to the present army of 'chivalrous' France. It put into practice the sentiment that our General von Clausewitz once expressed: 'My feelings revolt against seeing one man with his foot upon the neck of another.'

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ANTI-SEMITISM

BY BERNARD ALEXANDER

[*The following article is a review of a new book by Count Heinrich Coudenhove-Kalergi, published by his son, Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi. Several of the latter's articles have appeared in the* Living Age.]

From *Pester Lloyd, May 4*
(Budapest German-Hungarian Daily)

This book was written by a man of attractive personality, whom no one would accuse of being in Jewish pay. He was a real count — indeed, a Count of the Empire. He owned an ancient castle in Bohemia and also possessed broad acres in Hungary. His name Kalergi, from his mother's side, descends from the most ancient nobility of Croatia. He was educated at the Jesuit College in Kalksburg. He resided as an Austro-Hungarian diplomat in Athens, Rio de Janeiro, Constantinople, Buenos Aires, and Tokyo, and married a Japanese lady in the latter city. He traveled over the whole world. Resigning eventually from the diplomatic service, he devoted his later years to the life of a country gentleman and a student — and the present book is a product of these studies.

Count Heinrich Coudenhove knew sixteen languages, including Hungarian, which he had taught to all his children. He was a Conservative, but a fair-minded man, intolerant of injustice. His chief intellectual interests were public affairs and philosophy. During his last years religion acquired a strong ascendancy over his mind, and he became an enthusiastic admirer of the Trappist Order. To the end of his days he was a devoted Christian and Catholic.

Why then did he write this book, which is a defense of the Jews? He admits in the preface that he was at one time an anti-Semite both in conviction and practice, partly because he abhorred the usurious extortions of certain Jews. But he had an intellectual passion for getting at the bottom of questions. He says in his book: —

> Dependent on no one, and blessed with worldly wealth, I felt that I might indulge in the luxury of writing merely in the service of the truth. I looked upon myself as the servant of every unbiased and unprejudiced man seeking the truth.

And his son writes: —

> What impelled Heinrich Coudenhove openly to oppose anti-Semitism was his intellectual sympathy for truth for its own sake, not personal sympathy or interest. His private library contained almost every book in any language upon the subject of the Jews and anti-Semitism. Yet he had no special sympathy for the Jews, nor were there Jews among his intimate friends. On the other hand, however, his travels and studies had afforded him an opportunity to study the Jew in all parts of the world, and in all pursuits. He was a cosmopolitan, with a wonderfully wide knowledge of men, and naturally free from the local prejudices of his country and uninfluenced by the shibboleths of ignorant sects and parties.

The author's style and arrangement are logical and lucid. He first discusses the race question, and tries to show that there is no pure Jewish race or Semitic race group. Then he develops the idea that anti-Semitism has always and everywhere been the product

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of religious hatred, and that both Jews and Christians have contributed to it. Purely racial prejudice is a comparatively new factor in the movement, because to-day religious differences do not make so powerful an appeal to the masses as formerly. And religious prejudices are even now the ultimate source of this sentiment. Some persons respond more readily to the race appeal, others to the religious appeal.

In combating the dictum that the Jews are an inferior race, who have never created anything valuable to humanity, or added to the real riches of the world, — a theory ardently espoused by many anti-Semites, — the author points out that Christianity, whose appearance is the supreme fact in the history of Western civilization, is of Jewish origin. The writer's son, who discusses more recent phases of anti-Semitism in a short introduction, cites likewise the leading Jewish philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries — Bergson, Spengler, Einstein, Freud, and others. Richard Coudenhove also refutes the later claim of anti-Semitism, that the Jews are not only nonproductive, but are a destructive element in society. He points out that anti-Semites of the reactionary school identify the Jews with Bolshevism, while anti-Semites of Socialist sympathies identify them with capitalism.

Returning to the race argument as developed by the elder Coudenhove, Lombroso asserted that modern Jews bear a closer physical resemblance to the Aryans than to the Semites. Ripley points out that the original Semitic tribes must have been strongly dolichocephalous, and that consequently nine tenths of the Jews to-day vary radically from the original skull type. Therefore the so-called purity of the Jewish race is a fable. The word 'Jew' has no ethnological significance. 'The whole controversy, so far as it rests upon race, is based on a groundless myth. It is essentially an empty and irrational dispute, because, from the physical standpoint, there are no such races as those alluded to. There is no such thing as a Semitic nation. A Semitic nation is solely a philological conception. The Semitic-speaking peoples differ radically from each other, and have no anatomical features in common with the Jews, or, in many cases, with each other. There is no pure Semitic type. The Jews are a mixed race. They have few traits in common with the Arabs, who come nearest to being pure Semites of any people. They resemble the Europeans among whom they live much more than they do the Bedouins.'

But the honest reader will ask: 'Do you mean to say there is no difference between a Jew and a Christian?' Certainly there is, but a difference due to historical rather than anatomical causes. The key to the puzzle is found in segregation, which was partly voluntary and partly involuntary. At first the Jews lived apart from other peoples of their own volition; later they were forced to do this whether they so willed or not.

A historical chapter follows, whose tragic narrative evidently impressed the author as painfully as it will the reader. Under the Roman Empire religious fanaticism was the sole cause of many battles, where blood flowed in rivers. Renan says with profound insight: 'What a fanatic most hates is freedom. He much prefers to be persecuted rather than to be tolerated. What he really craves is to be entitled to persecute others.'

Count Coudenhove believes that religious fanaticism is a necessary corollary of the monotheistic doctrine that God must be worshiped only in a particular way. The Jews were uni-

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versally hated in the ancient world on account of their religion and the fanaticism it begot in them. They never were charged at that time with usury, sharp business practices, or preying upon those of other creeds. They were persecuted solely on account of their faith and their obdurate adherence to it. Anti-Semitism did not exist in Greece and Rome, but instead there was anti-Judaism, directed not against the Hebrew race but against the Hebraic religion.

One of the most interesting facts in the history of Christian anti-Semitism is that the popes have been consistently humane toward Israel. Many of them, like Calixtus, Eugenius, Clement, Alexander, Celestine, and Innocent III, protested against Christians forcing baptism upon the Jews. Alexander II and Alexander III protected the Jews. It is true the popes were not always able to make their protection effective. No evidence exists to show that in their day the Jews were charged with usury. The eighty volumes of writings of the Church Fathers, where all of the crimes of the Jews are enumerated, do not mention either usury or the blood ritual. When Ferdinand the Catholic expelled the Jews from Spain, usury and the blood ritual were not listed among their offenses.

The worst period of Jewish persecution began with the Crusades. From that date their history is one of the most tragic chapters in the records of mankind. The author says: 'Never perhaps in human annals have men shown greater heroism in passively resisting the cruelty of their fellow men than the Jews showed during the great persecution of the fourteenth century. With very few exceptions they scorned the thought of saving their property, families, and life by abjuring their faith.'

One's blood runs cold in reading the account of the great auto-da-fé of 1680, in Madrid, where the King himself kindled the torture fires. Lecky writes: —

> Surely the heroism of the defenders of every other faith pales to nothing before a martyrdom that has withstood for thirteen centuries all the tortures the wildest fanaticism could invent, that has endured contempt, robbery, the violation of the most sacred ties, the imposition of the most horrible tortures, rather than renounce its faith.

In non-Christian countries the lot of the Jews has been happier. The Arabs were very tolerant toward them. It is well known that during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries Jewish poetry and science bloomed in Moorish Spain, and that prior to this the Jews had won a high place in the learned world by their knowledge of Greek philosophy.

A separate chapter is devoted to the contemporary indictment of Jews. It is true that they eventually adopted the trade of usury, or were forced to adopt it to keep from starving. As to the alleged wealth of the Jews, the author says: 'We never hear of the millions of poor Jews who live in the greatest poverty, of Jewish teamsters, day laborers, and porters. In Hungary Jews work as common laborers for the Ruthenian peasants.' He quotes Count Nicholas Bethlen, who wrote in the *Diplomatische Wochenschrift*, in 1870, apropos of a campaign against the Jews in Vienna: —

> If the Vaterland Party ever gains power and carries out its threats, we hope it will send all the Jews expelled from Vienna to Budapest. Their talent and industry have made them an important factor in civilization, and we can use them in our city. Were it not for the Jews in Budapest our glorious capital would be merely a larger Debreczen. Whatever field of public life we scan, we find there Jews laboring industriously, and fighting all the foes of darkness. The more Jews, the more light.

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However, the author believes there is a rational anti-Semitism. Its aim should be to educate the Christian population to compete successfully with the Jews in business. Mentioning the press, he observes: 'Whoever heard of a Christian being forced to read a Jewish newspaper? . . . I believe it unpardonable and unjust to complain that the Jews are corrupting the Christians. I consider it merely an uncandid device for making the people of another creed responsible for our own weaknesses — and that is certainly a contemptible subterfuge.'

The saying is as old as it is true that the Jews are what the people among whom they live make them. What are the Jews really? The Jews are an artificial nation, sprung from an intermingling of countless nationalities, and forming a religious community. The existence of this religious community is maintained by voluntary accessions, the forced exclusion of its members from other social groups, and the prohibition of mixed marriages. This brings us to Count Coudenhove's definition: 'The Jews are an artificial nationality created by a religious discipline out of innumerable racial elements.'

LIFE IN THE RUHR

BY EDITH M. PYE

[The following article has been written by a member of the Society of Friends, a woman — as her record in the war shows — of strongly pro-French sympathies, who has just returned from a three weeks' visit of investigation to the Ruhr.]

From the *Times, May* 7
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

The Society of Friends sent me to the Ruhr because, having worked under them in France during more than four years of war, I had learned to know and love deeply the French people. As head of the Friends' Maternity Hospital for Refugees, nearly a thousand little French citizens were born under my care. The troubles and sorrows of their mothers were our sorrows, their wrecked homes from which we brought them our grief also. My friendship and affection for that country is one of the reasons that impel me to write of what I saw in the French occupied territory, so that those who read may know what the present military occupation means to men and women on whom the burden falls.

Many French people now realize that the psychological atmosphere being created by them in Germany is the surest way to bring back upon France the horrors of another war. Those of us who have seen her sufferings must try to strengthen the hands of all who are struggling to bring about a change of policy. If a foreign military occupation designed to put pressure on a Government at a distance could have been accomplished without the actual suffering and distress that there exist,

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one may feel assured that under the present humane and courteous leadership it would have been done. But the exposure of a disarmed and absolutely helpless people to any foreign military Power brings with it of necessity deep-rooted resentment and the evils which I saw with my own eyes during my three weeks' stay.

In all Essen there are no police. As there are no trains you arrive at the town by tramway, having traveled about twenty-five miles in three or three-and-a-half hours, with two changes and probably having had to stand for most of the way. At the border of the strictly occupied area, armed French soldiers come through the cars, looking at passports, and in a perfunctory way examining packages. They are very young, and some of them look ashamed over their uncongenial task. The weary folk in the crowded tramcars take very little notice,though, after the soldiers have disappeared, one hears in low tones stories of what the delay in traveling has meant, how a midwife could not arrive in time, and so on.

All is apparently quiet and tranquil on the surface, but not for very long does this peaceful impression remain. Friends come in to see you and you wonder at their hushed voices, anxious eyes, and trembling lips. At first they talk of the weather, then very quietly they roll up for you that curtain of tranquillity, and you peer into a darkened atmosphere of terror and dismay.

In three days' time, they tell you, the wives of over three hundred policemen with their little families and household goods are ordered to clear out. 'Intercede for some of them,' they beg you, 'for there are newborn babies in the house.' You hastily visit some of the tidy little homes. Here is a young mother, her husband sent away a month ago for refusing to salute, her baby now three days old. How can she, helpless and alone, cope with the problem of house-moving? Whither shall she go? No wonder that she is fevered and weeping, though the babe sleeps at her bosom peacefully.

Near by is a new-made widow, with two little girls, now fatherless. Their father was a lawyer's clerk, who lived on the top flat of a tenement next to a district police station. One evening when he was out, a small force of French soldiers came to the police station, but the policemen escaped over the little yard that lay behind. Half an hour later, he himself came home to his little household, put the key in the lock of the front door, and was shot and mortally wounded. He lived till 9 A.M. the following day. 'Accidents,' they say. 'The Frenchmen are so nervous.'

Rumors you utterly disbelieve reach you from all sides. You toil up many stairs to meet a reputed victim. The door opens and you see a white and trembling woman who gasps for breath at the sight of a stranger. Then, 'Come in,' she says, when you explain; 'I was just trying to clean up the clothes they ruined.' She tells us that her husband, a plain-clothes detective, was arrested while on duty with the fire brigade, who carry out the duties of police in Essen. He did not know an address demanded of him, was taken to the guardroom, beaten, kicked, and finally struck about the head with the handcuffs found in his pocket, till he lost consciousness.

At this moment the man himself returned. He was very tall and strong. He had a dressing on the back of his head and there were scars on his lip and face, which was still swollen. 'I stood with my arms straight out till I lost consciousness,' he said; 'I think if I had struggled they would not have gone on so long. I could easily have

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killed those little fellows, and now I do not know how I bore the shame of it.'

The waiting and watching of the wife, of others whose husbands do not come, and then the return, bleeding and disfigured. Can one wonder that the atmosphere is one of terror and dismay, when these stories spread?

You chase a rumor over the border into unoccupied Germany, where one breathes more freely. In a nursing-home you find two young men, telegraph linesmen. The elder walks stiffly and with difficulty, and has a violent palsy of head and arms; the younger is very deaf, with one eardrum burst and scars on his face, which is still puffy and swollen. Until three weeks ago neither had known what it was to ail. They have a terrible story to tell of arrest while at their work, kickings, floggings, and thrashings with whips, and finally the elder being placed against a wall, with rifles pointing at him. The younger was asked to say that the elder had done some sort of sabotage, the elder to give the addresses of other workmen and of the storage depôt. Both refused. They were kept in prison five days and then released. What think their families and friends, the doctor to whom they went on their release, and his circle of acquaintances?

You have been told of the punishment of six schoolboys for an indiscretion of one of them. You go to see the mother of two. She tells you that one of their companions took a German-speaking French soldier for a spy and told a policeman. The whole class was arrested and six of them made to run the gauntlet while the other eight were made to watch. They were beaten chiefly over the head, but their bodies also were covered with bruises.

'It is for the future that I fear,' said the poor mother. 'How can one prevent them from feeling hatred? They are so young. If they had done anything wrong or wicked it would be different. One is in a state of fear the whole time. What is to come of it all?' They were slender, delicate-looking creatures, and one of them still bore a scar on his face. Clearly they had passed through some severe nervous experience.

Material for hate is piling up — in the continual arrest of officials, which interrupts all the process of civil government; in the suspension of civil justice and the travesty of it as seen in the military courts; in the overcrowding in the prisons; in the interruption of the education of the children caused by the occupation of the schools by the French soldiers (who, after all, must live somewhere); and in the expulsion of many hundreds of families who, arriving destitute and frightened in the unoccupied country, spread far into Germany their bitter sense of injustice and despair.

The working people themselves are full of fear of what may come. They hold on firmly to their ideal of passive resistance, sustained by a glimmer of hope that if they can hold out to the end they will do something not only for Germany, but for the world, for they will show that there is something greater than an armed force. Whatever the German Government may do, one's impression is that they will never willingly give in. But the atmosphere is so highly charged that one day, if idleness and hunger come, nerves stretched taut will snap. Every day the occupation is sowing seeds which cannot but bring forth a disastrous crop of enmity to add another menace to the future peace of the world.

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DIPLOMATS AS I SEE THEM

BY SIGMUND MUNZ

From *Cooperación, March*
(MEXICAN POLITICAL REVIEW)

GERMANY'S diplomats are sometimes rated deficient in the affability of manner commonly attributed to their profession. But it would be wrong to apply this criticism too generally. I might even say with some justification that German diplomats are carefully drilled and disciplined in formal courtesy and modeled, so to speak, on the pattern of Prince Bülow. Their Austrian confrères, mostly scions of the old aristocracy, are conspicuous for their ease and elegance of deportment.

France has always been happy in possessing representatives abroad notable for graces of character and manner, which have contributed not a little to the social diversions of 'the world that is never bored.'

The British shine for their skill in every field of sport, and are invariably doughty champions both on the golf links and in the chancery. The Russians whom we met in the old diplomatic world were true dilettantes in their profession — indeed, in all professions. Notable exceptions, like Izvolskii, who was a competent mathematician, or Nelidov, the great archæologist and collector, only served to prove the rule.

Our Chinese colleagues invariably retain an exotic air due to their Mandarin education, which is an Oriental variety of Western Talmudism or scholasticism. Nevertheless, it would not do to disparage the diplomats of the Orient in comparison with those of the Occident. I have often been impressed with the skill and industry they show in getting what they want to better economic and educational conditions in their home countries. This is notably true of the Japanese, who devote the same care and attention to small affairs as to great ones. They subordinate all personal interests to their love of country and their worship of their Government. Undoubtedly this hampers their growth as individuals. I always think of Japan as a sort of magnified Sparta. The Japanese have always seemed to me absolute masters of themselves, and often, men of the loftiest ideals.

The Japanese are wont to regard Chinese with marked disdain. I recall an instance where an absent-minded professor chanced to be calling upon me at the same time as the Japanese Ambassador. In the course of our conversation the professor committed the *faux pas* of saying to the Japanese: 'You, the Chinese, and . . .' As soon as I had a chance I drew the good man aside and explained to him: 'It is as if you had said to an old aristocrat of the Schwarzenbergs, or Lichtensteins, or Fürstenbergs, or Hohenlohes: "You, the Jews, and . . ."' The Japanese always keep their eyes and their ears wide open. Their perceptions are always on the alert.

What a contrast is presented by the Turkish diplomats! I have met very few of them who had a scientific education as we understand the word. And I have known hardly any to work with the industry and persistence of an Occidental. Djavid Bey, the former Turkish Minister of Finance, was an honorable exception. But we must

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bear in mind that he was a *dumein* from Saloniki — in other words, a Mussulman of pure Hebrew blood. The Turks will spend hours and hours gossiping over a cup of coffee, with a cigarette between their lips. Their diplomats represent a type halfway between Mohammed and Talleyrand. They do not despise wine, but will not eat pork. They are gallant and frank, and frequently men of more distinction than the representatives of recently emancipated Christian nations of the Balkans. They are tolerant — often quite as liberal as their great compatriot, Omar Khayyám, the Persian troubadour of the Middle Ages, who sang of love, wine, and intellectual liberty.

Of the Balkan diplomats the Greeks have most affinity with ourselves. As a rule they are sympathetic, hospitable, and affectionate. Their education betrays the influence of the great traditions of ancient Hellas. However, it is rare for the Greek to allude to his country's ancient grandeur with the superior manner that an Italian will sometimes assume to impress us, poor barbarians. Indeed, this modesty stands out in singular contrast with the proud attitude of the modern Romans, whose aspiration to rule the world still survives in the papacy, and whose ambitious — not to say imperialist — creed is rooted in the glorious past of ancient Rome and the mediæval grandeur of Genoa and Venice when they were joint mistresses of the sea. I even think that Venizelos is not so much a prototype of pan-Hellenic megalomania as a disciple of Franco-British imperialism draped in the toga of modern democratic liberalism.

Other Balkan diplomats are, speaking generally, good middle-class citizens. Those of Bulgaria and Serbia even retain a certain peasant uncouthness; but the Greeks and Rumanians can sometimes boast of noble blood. Hitherto the Bulgarians have been the Prussians of the Balkan peninsula: aggressive, arrogant, energetic, exacting. The Serbs are smoother in their manner, but impulsive, headstrong, sentimental, and by no means exacting in respect to the elegancies of life. The Bulgarian is accustomed to look down upon the Serb, somewhat as the Japanese looks down upon the Chinaman. On the other hand, both Bulgarians and Serbs are more liberal and tolerant than the Greeks and Rumanians — at least in matters relating to religion. Rumanian diplomats often make me think of effeminate Parisians transplanted to the Lower Danube soil. The former German Ambassador Tschirschky once described them to me as 'a soft mass.' This was just before Rumania suddenly hurled herself against the Central Powers. However, there are a number of men in the Rumanian diplomatic corps who were educated in Prussian military schools and universities. They speak German perfectly, with a northern accent, and are zealous imitators of the mentality and manners of their monarch's ancestral country.

I must not omit in this hasty sketch the representatives of Scandinavia. We are indebted to those nations for much spiritual wealth, for many things worth imitating in international policy. Their cooler northern climate tempers the intensity of their prejudices and emotions. When Norway wished to set up housekeeping for herself, Sweden let her sever the personal union without objection or ill feeling. Such an incident would have presented difficulties of a very serious order among Spanish Americans. Sweden does not hug the delusion that a nation's happiness depends on the dynasty that rules it — a delusion that still possesses the minds of many nations that aspire to be considered great and enlightened. Note

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how obstinately Great Britain clung to her control of Ireland, and how Austria and Hungary fought and wrangled for years instead of going peaceably their separate ways.

Those northern lands, the home of Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Hamsun, Selma Lagerlöf, Ellen Key, Brandes, Kjellen, and many other ornaments of European literature and culture, are a focus of light that could not fail to illumine politics and diplomacy. Happily, too, Scandinavian diplomats show no consciousness of caste. Even their royal rulers are bourgeois at heart, and the foreign representatives of their Governments perform their duties as delegates of the people rather than as courtiers of the King. They bring with them a fresh breath of political liberty, and are imbued with the truly pacifist spirit that was our only anchor of hope during Europe's years of mad and criminal slaughter.

Rather presumptuously, the diplomatic representatives of the United States style themselves officially American ambassadors or ministers. They ignore the fact that Central and South America exist, though I fancy that the latter, at least, is no longer a negligible quantity. Indeed Latin America is rapidly taking precedence of the Iberian peninsula in the diplomatic world. For example, what is Portugal to-day in area, wealth, political stability, or international influence compared with her daughter, the Republic of Brazil?

One often detects in Spain's diplomatic representatives a certain air of distinguished ennui, as if they were satiated with their ancient glories; and this state of mind has an effect upon their diplomatic work.

Contrasted with such gentlemen, the representatives from Argentina seem tremendously energetic, progressive, full of liberal ideas, obviously eager to accomplish in South America what the North Americans have accomplished in the United States. They seem always to be gazing into a golden future of gigantic fortunes and titanic trusts. The Argentine diplomats whom I have the pleasure of knowing have been tireless workers, tremendously intent upon broadening and strengthening the commercial relations between their country and Europe. On the other hand, the Chileans have always seemed to me eager to pose as the aristocracy of the Western Hemisphere.

At the courts of Austria, Prussia, and Russia the gorgeously embroidered diplomatic uniforms of the ambassadors, ministers, and consuls of the nations of Central and South America were wont, before the war, to elicit amused or sarcastic smiles. The self-centred Old World imagined that Peru, Guatemala, Venezuela, and Costa Rica were semi-barbarous states. They fancied that their Kaisers and Tsars sat upon unshakable thrones, while those exotic republics were as unstable as their own volcano-shaken sands. Fate has declared otherwise — thanks largely to the intrigues of diplomats. The representatives of those three empires did not brew their witches' caldron of high politics unscathed. Intoxicated with the illusion of their own greatness, they believed themselves able to divide the world among themselves, while the diplomats of what they considered little States were left the menial task of fostering trade and commerce. Now the ambitious schemes of the diplomats of Petrograd, Berlin, and Vienna are hopeless wreckage, while their humble colleagues of Latin America are still plodding on, their humble labors mightily added to by appeals to succor the conquered Powers of Central Europe and Russia, now beggars dependent upon the charity of the little States.

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NEWS-LETTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

BY E. W. D.

From the *Manchester Guardian, May* 12, 14
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

A CENTURY of weaving promoted the family of the Fuggers of Augsburg to be bankers and members of the Schwabian nobility. A century of finance made them the Rothschilds of the Renaissance. Their international operations are mentioned in almost every work on the Reformation period. They were the substance behind the glories of Charles V — the gods in the machine of religious reaction.

Less than a century of reaction beggared some of them. In the summer of 1655 Count Albert Fugger was glad to sell his library in Augsburg for 15,000 florins to the Emperor Ferdinand III. Even then the Count's creditors put up such a fight against the removal of the goods that it was not till a year later that the library came down the Danube to Vienna and was safely deposited in the Imperial Palace.

Included in the Fugger library was a collection of manuscript letters, covering 35,000 closely written sheets, to which the name of *Fugger Zeitungen* ('The Fugger News-letters') has been given. These are now in the Vienna Nationalbibliothek. They consist of letters from all quarters of the Old World, received by Count Philip Edward Fugger either directly from his own correspondents or agents or through a news-dealer of Augsburg, Jeremias Crasser (and his successor, Jeremias Schiffle), who delivered to Count Fugger and other subscribers a regular service of 'ordinary' and 'extraordinary' news-letters, at four kreuzer a sheet. Some letters in the collection are MS. copies of the occasional printed news-leaflets which preceded periodical newspapers.

A number of these news-letters have just been published for the first time (*Fugger Zeitungen*, 1568–1605) in a handsome quarto volume by the Rikola Verlag, Vienna. They contain a wealth of interesting material. If there was no important event to chronicle — St. Bartholomew's Day (reported with a chuckle) or the defeat of the Armada or a witch-burning or an auto-da-fé or some new exploit of those English 'pirates,' Drake and Hawkins and Cavendish — the chronicler would tell the best story which was going the rounds, perhaps with an apology for the absence of more serious matter.

'I cannot omit to tell your Worship,' writes a Dillingen correspondent, in June 1578, 'that Herr Venerandus Gabler, the doctor of medicine at Riedlingen,' has reported the wonderful cures effected by a hermit in Burgundy. 'Your Worship may be able to send thither some poor people who have lost all hope of human aid.' But the hermit only cures Catholics.

Alongside that there is a flavor of modernity in the inaccuracy of this report, dated Paris, November 1581: 'Our King learnt from England yesterday that his brother was married on the 22nd instant to Queen Elizabeth.' The chronicler sums up the general comment in the unflattering proverb, '*Jeune folle, vieille enragée*' ('No one so silly as a silly old woman').

Sometimes the point of view of the

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firm finds expression. In January 1585, revised dress-regulations were issued for the Paris Court. 'They would take too long to give in full,' writes the correspondent, 'and I would much have preferred to see something which would be likelier to get debts paid off.' The attendants, cooks, doorkeepers, and all minor officials 'are to be dressed in damask with a gold chain round their necks, even the ushers. The gentlemen of the Council are being made brown velvet coats and cloaks, braided and lined with satin. The Chancellor is to have a red satin coat, and curious satin cloaks are being made for the Secretaries of State.'

Pure superstition is a fruitful provider of 'copy.' On September 3 (Old Style), 1583, Arbogast Nachtrübe writes from Vienna: —

'Two weeks ago the Jesuits of this place, together with the Bishop, drove a devil out of a poor maid. Her mother is an enchantress, and is still in prison. Nothing was of any use until she was given a drink of holy water. She could not keep that down long, and then Satan came out of her.'

A miracle is reported from Rome, October 23, 1599: 'In the Church of Cecelia in Trastevere the corpse of the saint and martyr Cecelia has been found. It is entirely undecayed, and dressed as on the day, eight hundred years ago, when she went to martyrdom. There was a linen cloth over her face.' Another miracle was apparently hoped for by an earlier Rome correspondent (July 10, 1599): —

'Two canons have come here from Marseilles to report to the Pope that in the Sea of Provence such masses of dolphins have crowded in that they are not only preventing fishery, the people's best source of income, but even the passage of ships. The canons have been given a breve to their Bishop recommending that the matter be dealt with by prayers in the church, with processions and many fasts. The Pope will also pronounce an anathema on these noxious creatures, in order, with God's help, to compel them to go away.'

A Venice correspondent writes of news, said to have been circulated by 'the Grand Master of Malta and divers Christian princes,' of the birth of a child at the farthest end of Babylon to a very wicked woman. The child has cat's hair, and is horribly ugly. He began to talk when he was a week old and to walk at a month. The sun was darkened at his birth and the mountains opened. 'On another day great heaps of manna and precious stones fell from the heavens, and in other places snakes and monsters.' The child explained this, and is working wonders, waking the dead, and so on. 'For the sake of brevity I must omit other details which are not entirely credible. But it is said that the rabbis have concluded that this is Antichrist.'

A Vienna correspondent (December 8, 1604) shows that the age had its logic. The Emperor is reported to have been shown a white dove by the royal eagle. He was surprised, as there should have been no white dove there. The same thing happened to his predecessor, who shortly thereafter died. As the Emperor has not died, the truth of this report is being doubted.

One could go on quoting indefinitely. Contemporary accounts of the defeat of the Armada, of the Battle of Lepanto (a discreet official account, taking the leaders in order and reporting of each that he acquitted himself with knightly gallantry), the execution of Mary Stuart, the expulsion of the Hansa merchants from England; a gruesome list of the victims of an auto-da-fé in Seville, with their crimes and expiations; letters from Constantinople and China and 'New

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Spain'; murder and plague and conspiracy, alchemy and the printing of the Bible for the heathen, make up a fascinating portrait of the period.

Charles V, says Victor Klarwill in his introduction to the *Fugger Zeitungen*, was Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire on a sort of joint-stock basis. The Fuggers' money had decided his election as Emperor, and Jakob Fugger let him know it. 'Everyone knows, and it is as clear as daylight,' wrote Jakob in 1523, 'that your Majesty could not have secured the Roman crown without my aid.' At least four million ducats the Fuggers lent to the Kings of Spain, and eight million florins in all to the Hapsburgs in west and east, none of which did they see again. No wonder the time came when they were glad to sell their library to a Hapsburg bidder, Ferdinand III of Austria. In 1656 the library floated down the Danube in fifty-two casks and twelve cases, borne on five rafts and a ship, from Augsburg to the Imperial Palace in Vienna.

It was a century before this that the *Fugger Zeitungen* began to be accumulated in the library by Count Philip Edward Fugger. Many interesting accounts of contemporary events are contained in the present selection; we will quote a few letters of special interest to English readers.

A letter (in German and probably a translation, as were all the letters from Spain) from Seville, January 21, 1569, gives a summary of 'a number of English letters arrived in Galicia from Vigo': —

'Last year an Englishman left England with eight well-equipped vessels and sailed for Guinea, in the seas of the King of Portugal. There he exchanged his goods for fifteen hundred blacks, and set sail with them for New Spain. In order to be able to do this as often as he pleased without encountering resistance, he took possession of a small island in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz, where the Spanish fleet always loads and unloads cargo. The name of the island is San Juan de Lua, and the Spanish fleets are compelled to sail past it. The Englishman so disposed his ships and guns that the Spanish fleet of thirty ships, which arrived shortly afterward, could not enter the port of Vera Cruz without his permission. The Spanish General was thus forced to come to an agreement with the said Englishman to allow him freedom to sell his blacks and depart with the money obtained for them. Thereupon they signed a treaty and exchanged hostages, twelve from either side.

'A few days after, the Spanish General either felt that the treaty was an unjust one or broke it in anger with the forceful behavior of the Englishman; not openly by word of mouth but secretly by deed. At his instigation seven of his older ships were secretly fired and pushed and pulled out of the harbor, and driven on to the English ships. His purpose was to burn all the English ships. When the Englishman saw this and discovered the deception, he was incensed, and so set upon the remaining ships in the Spanish fleet that he sank four of them. But, as he had suffered no small damage to his own ships, he took his way homeward with the twelve Spanish hostages. A bad storm scattered his ships, and he only reached Vigo with his own ship, badly damaged and short of food. He could only have remained at sea three days longer. In Vigo he obtained all that he needed and set sail at once for England. It is not known where the other ships have stopped or what has become of them.'

The Englishman was Sir John Hawkins. Later the Spaniards became more wary, as the following letter from Venice, January 12, 1590, shows. The

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safety of the ships would be a matter of special concern to the house of Fugger, which had probably advanced large sums to the King of Spain on the strength of expected arrivals.

'It is reported from Lyons that letters from Lisbon of December 18 last year announce the arrival in Seville of the fleet from New Spain, with eight millions in gold. Further ships are expected shortly, having been detained by stress of weather. They are bringing another four millions. The reason of the late arrival of the first ships is that they proceeded along a parallel some degrees farther north than usual, in order to escape the English corsairs who were waiting for them on the usual route. The other ships will have proceeded at other latitudes for the same reason.'

The disaster to the Armada occurred on July 28 and 29, 1588. The report included in this collection was received in Augsburg on November 19. There is a letter dated from Mittelburg, November 14, giving later news: —

'It is said that news has come from Ireland that nine more ships of the Spanish Armada have come to grief there. Sixteen hundred of their crews have been saved alive, and are being supported by the Irish. The Queen of England has sent six hundred men against these people. A ship from Sicily has brought the news that the Duke of Medina has had a procession in Seville in thanks for his return. There are still ninety ships of the Armada missing, and it is forbidden in Spain for mourning to be held for missing friends. Forty days' fast has also been ordered, to bring back the remaining ships.'

A letter from Madrid, May 18, shows the Armada getting ready for sea: —

'The last courier from Lisbon brings the news that a letter has arrived there from London. From it can be seen the preparations which are being made in England. The people are not inclined, it says, to serve on board ship, and it is expected that on the arrival of the Armada the Catholics will mass together. Certain personages are suspected of being their leaders.

'Many womenfolk were living on board the vessels of the Armada. The Duke instructed the ships' masters to compile lists showing the numbers in their ships. Three or four days later he commanded that the lists should be brought to him. There proved to be something over six hundred. The women were then not only landed but sent away from Lisbon. This was done when the crews were already all on board. The men were ill pleased, but are consoled with the thought that there are pretty women in England.'

We catch two glimpses of Drake. A letter from London, November 19, 1580, reports: —

'We learn from Ireland that the Spaniards and rebels have fortified their position by the sea at Smerwick and are besieged there by land and water by the English. A large ship from Spain laden with corn was compelled by one of the Queen's ships to run upon a rock. Her people saved themselves and gained the fort, but the corn remained in the ship.

'This week six-and-forty horses laden with gold and silver, each carrying 220 lbs. weight, arrived for the Queen's treasury. It is believed that this is her share for the defense of Captain Drake. It appears that he wishes to sail again for the Moluccas, whither he can go and return in twelve months.'

And a letter from Venice, May 22, 1587: —

'We have from Madrid a letter of the 5th instant, with news from Seville of 30 April, that the English corsair Drake fell upon Cadiz with a hundred ships, including five-and-twenty well-armed galleons. They overpowered the King's

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Armada in this harbor, which counted 220 ships and galleons. They burned the munitions and other material, as they could not take the ships with them. The crews on board the Spanish ships are said to have saved themselves for the most part by landing in face of the English Armada. These ships are said to be the vital nerve of the whole Spanish Armada. God grant that the Indian fleet of this Armada do not fall into the hands of Drake, for it is to be feared that he will lie in wait for them. Then we should have no fleet at all against England.'

Another letter, from Mittelburg, October 6, 1588, reports the return of Cavendish from his voyage round the world: —

'In England Mr. Candis, a nobleman, has arrived after departing five-and-twenty months ago with two ships and a pinnace on his own venture. He sailed round the world by the Magellan Straits, and plundered, burned, and sank nineteen ships in the South Seas. He burned ten seacoast towns and has inflicted great losses on the Spaniards. Among others he plundered a great galleon sailing from China to India or Peru. She had a rich cargo of silk and other goods. According to her inventory the cargo was worth 350,000 ducats. He took the best, loaded it into his two ships, and burned the remainder and the ship. He came home round the Cape of Good Hope, with wealth of nearly a million. The two hundred men whom he had with him have all become rich. The English Duke of Cumberland is said to desire also to undertake such a voyage.'

EXPLORING BRAZILIAN WILDS

[General — then Colonel — Rondon is best known to Americans as Roosevelt's companion on the expedition described in Through the Brazilian Wilderness. *In that book some account is given of the Brazilian soldier's achievements as a scientist and explorer, which are here described in greater detail.]*

From *Figaro, May* 15
(Liberal Nationalist Daily)

Candido Marino da Sylva Rondon was born in 1865 in the vicinity of Cuyabá, the capital of the Brazilian state of Matto Grosso. Scarcely had he finished the military academy when he saw action for the first time as an officer of engineers in his native province, where under orders from Colonel Gomez Carneiro he was directed to establish a telegraphic line to Cuyabá. It was in Matto Grosso also that during the thirty years of an almost uninterrupted sojourn, lasting from 1890 to 1919, he indefatigably carried on his military and administrative work, as well as his geographic and scientific studies, whose economic and human values will appear more and more important as they come to be better known.

In 1921 the leader of the French military mission to Brazil, General Gamelin, paid a deserved compliment to the work of General Rondon. Last Friday one of the famous explorer's fellow countrymen, Signor L. Rangel de

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Castro, secretary of the Brazilian delegation to the League of Nations, described to the members of the Société de Géographie the invaluable services rendered to his country by this distinguished officer whose career, however little known to the French public, is worthy of the widest fame.

From his earliest youth General Rondon felt the irresistible appeal of the tropical forests. For more than a quarter of a century this modern crusader, endowed with invincible energy and unshakable faith, has devoted himself to exploring unknown parts of central Brazil, but it is around the construction of the telegraph lines with which Rondon was entrusted that his various works have crystallized themselves. The telegraph lines, to change the metaphor, were a kind of necessary skeleton. The various stages of the famous Brazilian geographer's work may be summed up as follows: —

From 1890 to 1898 he was engaged in constructing the telegraphic line from Goyaz to Cuyabá, first in temporary form, then permanent. It was the first time that the telegraph had penetrated this country, whose swiftest means of communication with the mother country had previously been down the Paraguay River and around by sea from Buenos Aires to Rio de Janeiro. From 1910 to 1914 he was building a telegraphic line from Cuyabá to Corumba, with a branch line to Coimbra. The work was peculiarly difficult to carry out, for the line ran through great swamps where malaria made terrible ravages upon the crews. In order to improve matters, Rondon had to use several crews of Boroto Indians, who hitherto had been savages.

From 1905 to 1906 he was building a network of telegraph lines across the southern part of the state along the Bolivian frontier and along the Paraguay River, not to mention another line from Cuyabá toward Cáceres and Matto Grosso. From 1907 to 1915 he was still busy building a telegraph line from the northwest of Brazil, linking Cuyabá to Santo Antonio de Madeira, in the state of Amazonas. This was the period of chief activity of the Rondon Commission, the one whose geographic discoveries will have the most important results.

At this time Rondon was also instructed to lay the basis for a general map of Matto Grosso. Beginning with 1909, his horizon enlarged still further. Rondon's fellow workers began an exploration of the rivers rising on the divide between the plains of the Amazon and those of the Rio de la Plata.

It was at this time that the Roosevelt-Rondon scientific expedition took place, an undertaking which the former president of the United States supplemented with some of those hunting expeditions which constituted his favorite pastime. Setting out toward the end of 1913 from the upper part of the Matto Grosso, Roosevelt and Rondon reached first Juruena and then José Bonifacio by following the new telegraph lines; and then by going up the Paraguay River to the Sepotuba River the expedition reached the highlands of the Parecis Plateau. Thence it followed the telegraph lines as far as Utiarity, a great and beautiful waterfall eighty metres in height, and the Papagaio, a tributary on the right bank of the Juruena, flowing through the middle of a virgin forest.

At this point the Roosevelt-Rondon expedition which included among its members some American and Brazilian scientists as well as some Brazilian army officers, was split up into three different columns. The chief division, which was intended to explore the River of Doubt, set out with the

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leaders of the expedition toward the telegraph stations of Juruena, and from there to the Passo da Linha, where the telegraph lines crossed the waters of the River of Doubt. In a fleet of seven canoes the explorers undertook the scientific reconnaissance of a river hitherto totally unknown to geographers. Four years before, in 1909, these mysterious waters had given Colonel Rondon so much trouble and had roused so much doubt in his mind when he was trying to map out the boundaries between the basins of the Madeira and the Guaporé Rivers that he gave the stream the name of Duvida — that is to say, the River of Doubt.

As they went down the stream, in which innumerable cascades and rapids succeeded each other, braving unheard-of perils and difficulties, the explorers discovered the true course of the chief stream of a large hydrographic basin, and found that it flowed into the Madeira. In honor of the distinguished American statesman, General Rondon gave the name of Roosevelt to the River of Doubt, and under this name the stream has been inscribed among the geographic names of Brazil.

On February 7, 1912, after a difficult journey, during which the party got around enormous falls and cataracts, carrying the boats on the arms of the men, they reached the point where their stream flowed into the Aripuana, a tributary of the Madeira, about fifty-nine days' travel. Roosevelt and Rondon were therefore the first civilized men to descend from the plateau to the Amazon Valley, on the waters of the River of Doubt — waters which in the lower regions of the river were identical with those known by the rubber-hunters under the name of the Castanha. The River Roosevelt consists, therefore, of the Duvida, the Castanha, and the lower Aripuana. This is the largest tributary on the right bank of the Madeira, more than one hundred kilometres in length and about five hundred metres wide at its greatest breadth. Geographers were not aware of its existence, however, and it had never appeared on the maps of Brazil — a circumstance which shows the importance of the discovery so far as geographic science is concerned.

Wherever Rondon has been at work he has devoted himself to getting into contact with the native Indian population in peaceful ways and then using them little by little in the work that he has in hand. Invariably he has followed a method which has always been crowned with success — he never retaliates with useless violence when attacked. One of the most interesting parts of Rondon's work lies in the studies and records he has made of these primitive peoples, some of whom do not even know the use of iron and employ nothing but stone axes.

Rondon's chief enemies during the course of his commission have been nature and fever. Tropical nature, powerful and tameless with its cataracts and rivers, the vigor of its tangled vegetation, the swarms of harmful animals and especially of insects, confronts the explorer with obstacle after obstacle, and grants him no sleep nor rest. As for fever, in that moist warm climate, close to never-ending marshes in the forests where the pathways are moist and impenetrable, no white man can escape it. One day, when almost all his comrades were down with the sickness, Colonel Rondon himself had a temperature of more than 104. The physician attached to the expedition urged that it was very important that he should do only light work. But he replied that he was the only man who had no right to do so, that the doctor might study, if he wished, the best means of getting out the most seriously ill of

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the men, but that for his part he would go on. And on the next day he traveled more than thirty kilometres on foot.

On another occasion, when they were almost at the end of a journey and his followers had been little by little reduced until only the strongest were left, all of them racked with fever, they came to a river. It was a terrible torrent. The men lay down in despair. Then Rondon improvised a frail boat out of a cowhide, forced one of the men who was least ill to take his place in it, and, swimming across, himself guided the daring little boat in which his companion cowered. The example being given, the others followed him. Taken together with his great fame as a scientific man, numerous feats of this kind have built up a legend about General Rondon and have rightly given him the halo of a chieftain.

IN A CHINESE CITY

BY FRITZ SOCKER

From *Berliner Tageblatt, April* 18
(Liberal Daily)

Chung-king, on the upper part of the Yangtze River, the westernmost treaty port of central China, is assuredly one of the most remarkable cities — so far as appearance is concerned — of the Chinese Republic. The builders of the city have observed the mediæval principle of city walls and city gates behind which every Oriental city conceals itself, and since Chung-king is built among great hills that tower far above the walls, the city looks from a distance like a lump of stone emerging from the earth itself.

If you stand on the opposite bank of the Yangtze and look across at the city, you see all manner of curious things, according to the time of year. The volume of the waters is not the same the whole year through. It depends on the freezing in the mountain ranges of Tibet and on the subsequent melting of the snow. At high-water mark the river laps against the city walls, but at low water it draws far back in its bed, leaving a wide expanse in front of them. A portion of the population follows the falling waters and sets up its little huts, its shops, and tea booths. When the water begins to rise again, the extemporized suburb goes back one row of huts after another as their owners find themselves in danger of being overcome by the enemy. The regularity with which such temporary cities rise and disappear again is very like the change of scenery in the theatre. Where all the thousands of inhabitants of the land in front of the walls contrive to dwell during the season of high water, which lasts from May to September, remains one of the numerous riddles with which one frequently finds himself confronted in China.

Hundreds of thousands of human beings live in Chung-king, crowded together in the very narrowest of rooms. There are no level streets because of the hilly character of the coun-

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try, and instead of streets thousands of steps lead up hill and down dale. Moreover, many of the business streets are so narrow that two litters can hardly squeeze past one another.

If you are not willing to go on foot among the human throng, and do not want to ride on horseback, then the only means of conveyance is the litter, which is carried by from two to four coolies according to its size and elegance. The shouts with which the bearers warn the pedestrians to get out of the way are couched in telegraphic diction. They are directed sometimes to groups of people standing in the way, sometimes to heedless individuals. *Jushou! jushou!* (Turn to the right) is the ordinary call with which they secure passageway. *Shuitung!* (Water buckets), *Landse!* (Basket), and similar shouts are directed at the pedestrians who block the way with their bamboo poles with buckets or baskets dangling from them. The cry of *Wawarl!* scatters the playing children.

There are a good many litters in the city, but the number of water-carriers is legion. Progressive as Chung-king in general is, the city has not yet attained to a water system. The water for the daily use of the inhabitants — and this is a good deal, because the humming teakettle is never at rest — is drawn in buckets from the Yangtze and the tributary Kia-ling, and is peddled to the householders by coolies. The Chinese housekeepers, bargaining over buckets of water, form one of the daily street pictures. The business is transacted in strings of cash, one of which is equal to eight one-hundredths of a gold pfennig or about two one-hundredths of an American cent. The distance of the house from the place of delivery regulates the price, which runs from thirty to eighty cash a bucket. Being hung from the unsteady carry-poles, the water splashes out of the buckets, so that all year long the stone steps are wet and slippery.

One cannot walk through the streets of Chung-king without thinking of the need in Germany. The butcher-shops hang full of succulent pieces of meat, oranges and vegetables lie in profusion in the markets, dozens of roasted fowls and ducks hang in the cookshops, and savory soups boil and bubble in the kettles. No wonder that in this fortunate land a workingman with dependents can live a month for twelve gold marks. Yet in spite of this Mrs. Wang, gossiping with her neighbor, will complain that a few years ago they might have lived for eight gold marks, and will abuse the farmers who drive up the prices, just as one can remember the housekeepers in Germany before the war, who never could get over the 'high price of meat.'

Here even the poorest beggar is saved from hunger. Every day my path leads through a troop of them, clothed in rags and setting up a rumble of *Dsougo house* (Do a good deed), *Jao igo tserl* (Give me a cash). Every beggar, man or woman, has a specialty designed to arouse the maximum of sympathy in the passerby. Sturdy fellows, carrying their mothers or grandmothers on their shoulders, move about the street and seem to do a good business, for their example finds imitators. At midday the beggars, sitting in cheerful conversation in some cookshop or other, discuss a steaming meal which contains more calories than a needy German family of the middle class can afford in a week. Whenever I see a beggar I always think of that young and philanthropic missionary who restored eyesight to a blind beggar and got the worst kind of abuse for his pains, because he had taken the man's bread out of his mouth by depriving him of the only way in which he could move people to pity.

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There is a military note in the street pictures of the peaceful business city of Chung-king, although it is not a garrison town in the ordinary sense. Various provinces of the empire are perpetually involved in military feuds with one another, and the military authorities of the province of Szechwan are also engaged in various struggles which lead to fierce wars between them, sometimes with the secret use of arms, sometimes with their open use. For a general commanding an army, who must himself find means for its support, Chung-king is a rich source of supply. Besides claiming a part of the income from taxes for military purposes, the commander from time to time takes a fishing trip among the wealthy merchants, especially when the 'enemy' is threatening the city and he has to find means of protecting it.

We have gone through such an experience now for the second time within the last six months. Except for a couple of soldiers who do the necessary sentry duty, the whole garrison is marched out in campaign kit to meet an opponent who has put his troops in motion. These are not little bands, confronting the weapons of modern warfare, but occasionally whole divisions. The Chinese soldier fights for the sake of his pay and the general fights to retain or increase his power. No sturdy fellow on the streets to-day is secure from being taken by a military patrol and put to the work of transporting munitions or to similar tasks. These coolies are gathered up by the dozens, tied up, and led off. *Lafu*, as this compulsory service is called, is based on no statute, but is an unwritten law of the powers that be.

The fear of a uniform is tremendous here. I saw a great water-carrier fleeing with enormous strides before a fifteen-year-old soldier who wanted to tie him up. So long as the soldiers feel sure of their power they adopt a domineering attitude to the people; but when there is danger, or any prospect that the city may be overcome by the stronger opponent, then they cannot get their uniforms off too quickly in order to assume all the traits of a peaceful citizen. Others, on the approach of opponents, go over to the bandits with their weapons and place themselves, together with their new companions, at the service of the next military leader who begins to beat the recruiting drum. No wonder that the boundary line between the soldiers and bandits has completely disappeared.

A little while ago the child of a wealthy Chinese was carried off by robbers, who demanded a ransom of 40,000 Mexican dollars from the father. The father, however, appealed to the soldiers, who took no steps against the bandits but entered into negotiations with the bandits and reduced the ransom by three fifths. It is not lack of capital or business sense that prevents the economic development of the country, but the continual uncertainty of life and property from which people suffer.

Chung-king is a peaceful commercial city. As a result of setting up steamboat communication with Shanghai, it has reached a place in world commerce that scarcely more than one hundred years ago no one would have ventured to imagine in his wildest dreams. This steamboat communication, however, does not continue throughout the whole year. Sometimes it is completely halted — when the water in the Yangtze is only a foot deep, as compared with ninety-five to one hundred feet in summer. These are times of complete isolation from the world outside for Europeans dwelling here. Since newspapers from Chung-king are three or four weeks en route, a German wireless message from Nauen

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to Peking often takes the same length of time to reach us.

At this time of year the climate — wet and cold, with leaden clouds overhead for a week at a time — contributes to the general exasperation. 'In Szechwan, the dogs bark at the sun,' says a proverb of the country — which is another way of saying that the dogs see the sun so seldom that they treat it as a perfect stranger. Sometimes, however, the clouds part and the sun shines down over the city, the river, and the mountains which, once free from the mists, assume a beautiful green, and then one becomes reconciled to the place of which in less pleasant days he has complained.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

BY GILBERT NORWOOD

[*Mr. Norwood is Professor of Greek at University College, Cardiff, and author of an excellent book on Greek Tragedy, as well as other studies of classical drama.*]

From the *London Mercury, April*
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

THE publication of yet another eight volumes — containing the whole of Claudian and parts of Æschylus, Herodotus, Xenophon, Livy, and Polybius — in the Loeb series of translations suggests a survey of the whole collection so far as it has been published. The object of the Loeb Library as stated by its founder, Dr. James Loeb, the American banker, is to provide texts and translations of 'all that is of value and interest in Greek and Latin literature, from the time of Homer to the Fall of Constantinople.' This magnificent task is being splendidly executed. During the past ten years some hundred and forty volumes have appeared, covering an immense range — from the *Iliad* to St. Augustine. Each volume gives on the left-hand page the Greek or Latin original, on the right a prose translation. Both parts of the work have been performed in a manner at once scholarly and sensible.

For a number of authors Elizabethan versions are available and the editors have most wisely used them, with only slight alterations. The volumes are excellently turned out and in every way delightful to use. Each has a textual *apparatus criticus*, for there is no tendency to write down 'to the capacity' of some special type of reader. And here we may specially mention Sir J. G. Frazer's edition of Apollodorus, with its magnificent efflorescence of annotation. As for the price, certain admirable and famous presses would do well to lay to heart the statement made recently by Mr. T. E. Page, one of the three editors: 'At the beginning each volume was issued at five shillings, but owing to the great increase in the cost of printing the price is now ten shillings. In spite of this increase the publication involves a very heavy loss, running, in fact, into tens of thousands of pounds.'

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These latest eight volumes uphold the great reputation which this series has won throughout the English-speaking world. In any such collection one of the danger-points is Æschylus, and we must pause to offer gratitude and admiration to Professor H. Weir Smyth, of Harvard, for the first of his two volumes on that poet; his introduction is a model of what is needed. But all these newcomers are excellent. The late W. R. Paton's translation of Polybius is strikingly good, and it is a fine thing to have so handy and useful a Claudian as that contained in Mr. Platnauer's two volumes.

We have no desire to suggest that the Library is from every point of view perfect; and something shall be said later on the other side. But Dr. Loeb, his editors, and the company of scholars working under their guidance, are conferring an enormous benefit not only upon classical students but also upon all who are interested in humane literature. They are in a fair way to revolutionize the study of ancient literature as profoundly, and in much the same way, as the motor has revolutionized transport.

For its benefit accrues not only to that small — however important — band who are studying Greek or Latin without a teacher, and not only to the larger class of researchers in other subjects — for example, historians who wish to know the contents of Polybius' work or Arrian's, but who are unable to read these authors in the original. This enterprise adds to such functions a third: it quite definitely strengthens, refreshes, and defends classical learning itself.

Hitherto the huge majority of cultivated people who have read a considerable amount of Latin and Greek before they were twenty-one, have been compelled in middle life to bid farewell to any effective enjoyment of the classics. Despite all the platitudes of statesmen and prelates on school speech-days, it is simply untrue that more than one in ten of our barristers, clergymen, civil servants, is able after some twenty years of engrossing and nonacademic pursuits to 'draw the curtains and revel' in Homer or Livy, not to mention Pindar, Plato, and Tacitus. Frankly, they are too difficult. In such a situation you cannot read with enjoyment and profit any author who is more difficult than, let us say, Burke and Shelley are to an English reader. But Pindar must have been just as difficult to a Greek reader as Shelley to us. For an Englishman, therefore, he is a sealed book unless one's Greek has been 'kept up' with a thoroughness impossible to ninety-nine per cent of us. So is Demosthenes, as compared with Burke, Tacitus with Gibbon, Plato with Berkeley, Virgil with Wordsworth.

Now the great achievement of the Loeb Library is that it puts the verbs of the last few sentences into the past tense. Its volumes are a godsend to the man who knows a great deal of Latin and Greek, but who has gone 'rusty.' He reads a page of Lucian with fair comprehension, turns next to the page opposite and with many a muttered 'Oh, of course!' realizes a dozen points which have been only just beyond him at first, which he now takes with perfect ease, but which he would never have taken at all without such a system.

Add to this the knowledge gained as to the contents of ancient literature by those quite unacquainted with the languages, the assistance given to those who amid great difficulties are learning those languages, the strong and widespread incentive to classical learning, and you will realize the services which are being rendered by the Loeb Library to education and to civilization itself.

For consider the contents of these

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volumes. What a gigantic area of achievement — spiritual, moral, artistic, philosophical, political — is here revealed! It is impossible to do justice, even the justice of a catalogue, to this storehouse: Homer and Vergil; Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus; Demosthenes and Cicero; Plato and Augustine; Petronius, Apuleius, and Longus; Sophocles and Terence; Ovid, Quintilian, Seneca, Galen, Hesiod — the time would fail us to enumerate them all. But observe one fact: the period, for all its vastness, is complete. The world has seen the historical end of its ancient European culture, and can view it in a spirit of detachment.

This completeness, this sense of the Græco-Roman world suspended like an orb in the Almighty's hands, — as Pater put it of Pico della Mirandola's Universe, — although it has engendered many stupidities, means the possibility of much good: the possibility, among other benefits, of something like finality in literary criticism. For example, we may observe the whole course of Roman poetry. In the hands of successive poets the old Latin tongue, a mass of clotted consonants and gawky terminations, was kneaded and moulded into an instrument of amazing dignity, fairness, even flexibility. What contemporary even of the great Ennius, who wrote

Septingenti sunt paulo plus aut minus anni
Augusto augurio postquam incluta condita Roma est,

could have conceived that this language of thuds and grunts would one day utter itself in Vergil's music: —

Tristis at ille: 'Tamen cantabitis, Arcades,' inquit,
'Montibus hæc vestris. Soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!'

a passage which for sheer music cannot be surpassed even in Greek or Italian. We may indeed see how all Latin poetry rises to Vergil, and then descends through imitation to weakness, deliquescence, and death. The process can be traced on the technical side with complete ease.

As regards rhythm, the history of Latin poetry is, in the main, the history of elision. Plautus uses it with ludicrous, barbarous frequency. Vergil employs it as instrument of beauty, capable of wonderfully subtle coloring. His successors tend to discard it altogether, apparently as a blemish. That was a fatal mistake: Latin is so strong and heavy that it needs, more than most other languages, some method of entangling word with word if poetic lilt and ripple are not to fail. The avoidance of elision is one of the leading causes of decay in Roman poetry. The other is rhetoric. Your late author rides two hobbies to death. First, he insists on being quotable: —

Procumbere mundum
hoc auctore pudet,

cries Claudian, his prophetic eye discerning what later journalists will wish to remark about the ex-Kaiser. Secondly, he insists on saying everything twice over: —

Everso iuvat orbe mori; solacia leto
exitium commune dabit.

Both examples are taken from the same work of Claudian (*In Rufinum II*), but the greater part of later Latin poetry swarms with these dazzling yet barren dexterities.

Turn to late Greek, and compare with the love-songs of Sappho, written some six centuries before Christ, that celebrated and vastly overpraised collection, the *Anthology*, a comparison which is itself a training in æsthetics, morals, and the manner in which a whole culture may die. Of Sappho little need be said: she is one of the few great writers whose genius has almost always been adequately recognized. Others write — as we put it — about love: she writes love itself. For Sappho,

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metaphor is an evasion, 'allusions' a waste of time. Inventing with consummate insight a metre so simple as to be near neighbor to casual speech, she tells us, in her own exquisite Æolic dialect, simply what she feels. She has no moral, no 'message,' no successor.

Contrast with her steady blaze of passion the amatory poems of the *Anthology*. Except for a very few beautiful little things such as Plato's upon Aster, all is either erotic anatomy or grumblings about old age. The late Greek world was so sophisticated that it is astonishing to find here so little real experience of what we mean by love. To place this collection beside Shakespeare's Sonnets or Meredith's *Love in the Valley* will bring home to us the revolution wrought in European society by the change which has come over its feeling about women.

But late classical literature is far from being a heap of decadent frippery. Much of it relinquishes the silver splendor of the ancient manner only to show the variegated charm of mediævalism. Apuleius — a *raconteur* who might challenge Mr. Kipling — is the first writer of the Middle Ages; it is well-nigh incredible that he was born before the death of Juvenal. The penetrating charm which breathes from the *Pervigilium Veneris* is a blend of the ancient tradition, —

Ipsa Laurentem puellam coniugem nato dedit,
moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem,
unde Ramnes et Quirites proque prole posterum
Romulum patrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem —

and the infantile loveliness of a nascent art which through its painting, its architecture, and its poetry seems always to be singing, but to sing in unison, not in harmony: —

Emicant lacrimæ trementes de caduco pondere,
gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos:
umor ille quem serenis astra rorant noctibus
mane virgines papillas solvit umenti peplo.
cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet.

Amazing that such things can be done in Latin and would have been understood by Caius Marius, seven times Consul of the Republic! This little poem by an unknown hand links the Square Rome of the Kings to Botticelli's Primavera.

Again, it is in these late writings almost alone that one catches any glimpse of humdrum life in its petty endearing details, above all of domestic interiors. The classical literature, despite its magnificence, is just as remarkable for what is omitted as for what is portrayed; and home life is one of the omissions. The *Republic* begins promisingly in this regard, but after that memorable discussion has once opened we might as well be on shipboard or the slope of Etna as in that hospitable house near the docks of the Piræus. Despite the palaces in the *Odyssey* and a few scenes in Aristophanes, it is so impossible to think of Pericles drawing up his armchair to the fire for a chat with Anaxagoras or Eupolis that we welcome with especial joy the vignettes of country life in Dio Chrysostom and those wonderful opening chapters of Longus' Third Book, where the delights of love-making and household jollity during a hard winter are so exquisitely presented. The first half of Theocritus' Fifteenth Idyll, where two women gossip of husbands, clothes, and servants, is better known but not better worth knowing.

Consider next the immense value of classical literature to the student of politics. In Thucydides' Fifth Book the so-called Melian Dialogue renders in actual stark words the impulses of brutal greed and cynical arrogance which, unheard but potent, model the polite if unidiomatic French of state papers and circumlocutory conferences in ages less pagan than that of the Peloponnesian War. Cicero's Correspondence is a vast and priceless docu-

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ment of social and political life in every phase during one of the most engrossing, one of the most momentous, periods in the world's whole history. Not to mention the works of historians like Herodotus, Xenophon, Polybius, Arrian, Cæsar, Livy, Tacitus, consider the political insight we gain from the comedies of Aristophanes and the theorizing of Plato and Aristotle.

There can be no better initiation into political science than is here provided, partly because so many of our own problems were already urgent for Greeks and Romans, partly because in those days such problems offered themselves in a more elementary form. Those who regard the Greeks as out-of-date, except for an epic or so and a few hundred good vase-paintings, will have their eyes opened by reading one play, if no more, the *Acharnians*, and the *Politics* of Aristotle. 'People forget that the evils whereof they complain are due, not to a rejection of socialism, but to the wickedness of the human heart.' Is that out-of-date?

One is almost afraid to indicate another vast topic — the illumination which students of English literature will gain from these studies. Admirers of Mr. Hardy will be able to see for themselves whether he is right in his apparent belief that he has been influenced by Æschylus. It is notorious that Shakespeare owes a debt definite, however small, to Seneca, that amazing executant who yells pathos through a megaphone. How much light does the *Æneid* throw upon *Paradise Lost?* Moloch gains something from Turnus, the vision of Adam from the ever-memorable muster-roll of Roman heroes whose wraiths present their overwhelming pageant in the Lower World before the eyes of their ancestor and exemplar. In our own time that fine novelist, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, has adopted a device used before her by Sophocles — to depict a hero, faulty yet sublime, leaning both morally and in a severely technical sense upon a smaller character whose quiet soundness and sagacity are after all the pivot of action. The relations between Œdipus and Creon in the *Tyrannus*, between Ajax and Teucer in the *Ajax*, are curiously like those between Robert and Clement in *Green Apple Harvest*. . . .

The Loeb Classical Library is making a great and successful effort to bring classical learning itself — not second-hand etiolated reminiscences — into the orbit of normal modern culture, which for some generations has attempted, with increasing impetus and increasing self-damage, to dispense with it. More strongly and clearly than any other mass of literature, the Greek and Roman classics teach us what are the things that matter, and why they matter. It is of no avail to argue that such contemporary work as *The Egoist*, *The Dynasts*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, are first-rate yet owe nothing to such erudition, or that Shakespeare himself is in every sense nonclassical. Men of genius can produce great art without drawing upon distant tradition. But their public cannot appreciate them without such aid. The ordinary reader, the ordinary playgoer, the ordinary music-lover, needs a sound education with an urgency which does not apply to the creative artist. Bunyan was a tinker: do tinkers read him?

That feeling for reality, beauty, the sound taste, the relish for what endures, which the great artist possesses by nature, comes to us ordinary folk by training. We must acquire our standards; and the history of culture shows that they can best be acquired by Europeans from classical literature. From generation to generation literary taste has risen and fallen with the flourishing and decline of ancient learning. If art is to be sound, this inspira-

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tion must be astir among the commonplace people to whom art appeals. To-day such education is at a low ebb. Hence those portentous weeds, futurist painting, cubist sculpture, the various Colonial 'Kiplings.'

Everyone in his heart knows that these things are bad, but dares not say so. Why? People mumble phrases about 'keeping an open mind,' or 'conventions kill art.' The real reason is that they have no standards. Conventions do not kill art; on the contrary they make it possible. And it is just as fatal to 'keep an open mind' about everything as to keep it about nothing. Get your basis right and be dogmatic about that; then let your superstructure vary according to the temperament of the builder. That is the only way to sound, satisfactory, enduring art; the basis is racial, the superstructure individual. Because we have no dogmatic theology of our own, we have no cathedral architecture of our own.

Tradition need not be a chain; it may be a life line. That cubist group of cogwheels which its maker called 'statue of a soldier' — what are we to say about it? It makes us ashamed, but we cannot say why, and we are a prey to shibboleths in its favor which sound as convincing as shibboleths directed against it. You can best put the thing in its proper place by comparing it with the Venus of Melos in the Louvre or the Delphian Charioteer in the British Museum; not so well, be it observed, by comparing it with Watts's Physical Energy or Rodin's Penseur. Those Greek statues give you peace — not only calm of soul, but mere comfort in dealing with a matter of taste. So with literature. You need no longer worry over the fact that you enjoy *Harry Richmond* but have been three times defeated by *One of Our Conquerors*. You may actually study here this very question of 'the value of the classics,' particularly in that passage where St. Augustine (*Confessions*, Bk. I.) asks why he hated Greek literature as a boy and concludes that children have a better chance of learning languages by 'a free curiosity' than by 'frightful enforcement.'

So with most 'public questions' of our time. How much mere fruitless mental scurry will you be saved in political thinking by Tacitus, in educational thinking by the *Republic*, in moral thinking by Aristotle's *Ethics!* Not that you are saved thought — far from it. You are saved from that mere empty bustle of discussion which so often passes for thought. These works give you the keys to great treasure-houses; the treasures you must still appraise and use by your own endeavor.

By your own endeavor; for it is a vain boast that classical education makes a complete man, even on the mental side. Character is needed quite as much for mental excellence as for moral. All that such study provides is a magnificent means to largeness and fruitfulness of life, a means which may be neglected like any other. Yet even if one is nothing but a reader, a passive recipient of noble thoughts, exciting problems, beautiful stories, deeply moving studies of human sorrow or adventure, one adds vastly to the pleasures of existence. That is to put the claims of Greek and Latin on the lowest plane. Of all pleasures there is only one which is followed by no reaction — the pleasure of literary study; of all literary studies this remains the most solid, most engrossing, most pleasant. But seek to turn your passive acceptance into a positive enterprise of creating, increasing, bracing the mental fibre, and you will find in no other literature so noble a discipline. These boons the Loeb Library is making possible for every English-speaking man and woman.

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IN A REVOLUTIONARY FACTORY

BY K. UKHANOV

[*This sketch originally appeared in* Pravda, *the Moscow Communist paper. Whatever one may think of the argument, it is probably an accurate picture of the evolution of Labor sentiment in Russia during the war.*]

From *Die Rote Fahne, May 3, 4, and 5*
(Official Communist Daily)

1914

A two months' strike. Solidarity with the Baku strikers the issue. War. Mobilization. Volunteering. Hurrah patriots. Second mobilization. Third mobilization.

The lathe man, who had come back to the shop from the salesroom to escape the draft, scratched his head. 'It won't be long now before they drive us out of here.' This was just after the first great defeat of the Tsar's army.

1915

'Ivanov!'

'Yes?'

'Have you seen the paper?'

'No. What 's up?'

'They say General Rennenkampf has deserted to the Kaiser.'

'The devil! How long will it be before they get wise and string up those swine?'

'String up? There are other ways of doing it. They drowned a German over in the Zindel factory. He was a real one all right. He would n't go under. So the boys helped him.'

'I 'll bet we 've got some d——d scoundrels like that here!'

'Just my idea.'

It is early morning. There is a piercing whistle. What is the trouble? They are driving a German out of the factory. The whole force refused to work with him. He lit out without looking behind him, the scoundrel. An excited crowd has gathered before the office.

'The Germans! They made all the trouble. They lowered wages, they ground us down. Clean 'em out!'

Timid clerks are peeping out the window. A burly fellow mounts the steps and roars: 'We 've got to get the Germans and spies out of the place!'

The crowd echoes back: 'Good! Quite right! Clean the scoundrels out!'

Just then a timid voice rises above the crowd: 'Comrades!' A curious silence follows.

'Do you want to know the real cause of your misery? Do you want to know who is to blame for this massacre? Do you? Do you want to know who has made these rivers of blood?'

The crowd is as still as death.

'Ask yourselves if you 're on the right trail. What is this war to us? For whose profit is it fought? Our class enemies have always stirred us up against each other. They have sowed dissension in our ranks. Before the war they told us the Jews were to blame for everything. They got up pogroms — to divert our attention from the really guilty ones. The Government is to blame. The Government wanted war. They are trying now to place the blame for their own blunders

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on the men who are the least guilty of all — on the little group of Germans that has stayed here in Russia. International capital exploits us all alike. This question of Jews or Christians, Russians or Germans, means nothing to us. I tell you that, comrades.'

'Down with him! Out with him!'

A wild scrimmage follows. The air is filled with shouts, blows, and curses. Someone yells: 'Police!' A police lieutenant steps out of the office and asks: 'What 's up there?' The crowd is suddenly silent.

'Your honor, we are giving the Germans the devil. Things are going badly with us. We can't let these fellows stay here and take the bread out of our mouths, and then sell us behind our backs.'

A new speaker presses forward.

'Gentlemen! We are compelled to ask a list of all the Germans employed in the shops.'

The crowd approves vigorously. 'Right! Choose a committee!'

Ignorance and prejudice have won the day. The workmen stand around in groups, excitedly discussing the situation. Here and there two or three Bolsheviki are violently protesting. The crowd is not satisfied. It breaks up in little parties, and slowly leaves the works.

The next morning.

'Kirillych! What did you think yesterday? I cannot get it out of my head — what that fellow said yesterday.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, go on! You heard what that fool said: the war means nothing to us — we 're being exploited. The d——d blockhead, he 's forgotten how those barons and *vons* ground us under their heels, the bloodsuckers! Wherever you look there is a German — in the shops, in the office, in the salesroom — and all holding the best jobs.'

'You ought to know better than to talk like that, old chap. There was a good deal of truth in what the fellow said yesterday. We don't know the whole story. I think there is something in what he said.'

'Do you mean to say you believed him? Why, that fellow — he looked like a tramp.'

'Just the same, he spoke well. I sympathize with those fellows.'

'Those fellows? Whom do you mean?'

'Why, with his fellows — you know, those Socialists! You could see he was one at a glance.'

'Why, you fool! They ought to send you to the front. They would teach you some sense down there.'

The condition of the workers gets worse daily, while the management grows more arbitrary and exacting. Wages are very low in the shell shops. [This is an error of fact. TRANSLATOR.] The men are in an ugly state of mind. A strike meeting is called. Someone gets the floor and says:

'Comrades! This war has no interest for us. Our class enemies started it.'

'Question! Get down to business!'

'The situation of labor is getting worse daily. We propose the following.' The man reads a resolution.

'Not strong enough. Say they must treat us more considerately.'

'Fire the foreman of the shell shop.'

The crowd approves vociferously: 'Down with him! Down with him!'

'Comrades, I have made that amendment.' He reads something. 'Do you approve?'

'Aye.'

The strike is lost.

'I 'd like to know where these d——d agitators come from. They 've made things worse than ever with their smart schemes. They told us we 'd get what-

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ever we wanted if we only struck. Now see where we are!'

'Ha! I told you so. I told you no good would come out of it. Have they got many on their side?'

'A whole lot of fellows!'

'Are n't there a good many innocent fools among them?'

The food situation gets steadily worse. A new mobilization is ordered.

End of 1916

Disasters at the front. Mass meetings. Singing the Marseillaise. Food Committees. The Bolsheviki incessantly repeating: 'The war means nothing for the working class. End the war.' People begin to listen silently.

'Hey, Demidov gave it to the Government at the meeting yesterday!'

'I suppose they 'll jug the poor devil for it.'

'Do you think so? But the war —'

'The devil take the war! What does it matter to us, after all, whether the Germans or the Chinese win it? We 're a lot of stupid fools. Ah! . . .'

'By Jove, but he did give it to them! We must n't let them arrest him, eh?'

'Sure not. We must n't let them stop a man's mouth when he tells the truth.'

'Do you know, there has been a strike on for three days at Petrograd. Some workingmen were shot.'

'A Bolshevik again.'

'What was the trouble?'

'Ah, high prices. The mob cleaned out the provision stores.'

'So? If it comes to that, it 's time we were taking a hand.'

'They have drunk our blood long enough, these d——d capitalists.'

February 1917

'Comrades, the Petrograd proletariat has struck to a man. They want the war stopped at once. They want the whole imperial gang — the Romanovs — tried for their crimes. We must back up the Petrograd workers, or they 'll be beaten. We call upon every one of you to rise as one man and defend your cause at any price. We must elect delegates to the Soviet, which has been organized to defend the interests of labor.'

All the men elected are Bolsheviki. Red flags, red ribbons, red rosettes everywhere. Soldiers coming back from the front. 'Hurrah, Kerenskii, hurrah, Miliukov! Hurrah for the Provisional Government! Hurrah!'

'Hi there, you fellow with a beard! Where are you going?'

'To the meeting of the Social-Revolutionaries.'

'Don't let them take you in. Come to the Bolsheviki!'

'Not on your life. They 're only big talkers and nothing else. They want to get everything at once. The Socialist-Revolutionaries are practical fellows. They 're more modest. Rome was n't built in a day.'

Reaction begins to lift its head.

'Comrades, all power to the Soviets! The compromisers, the Mensheviki and Social-Revolutionaries, have again sold out the workers and peasants. We must rally against the enemy. To arms, or you are lost!'

'I don't know yet what the Bolsheviki want. The Tsar is overthrown. We have a revolutionary Government and our Soviet. These fellows are insatiable. They want all the power to themselves. Just wait and see.'

June 1917

Lenin is a German spy. The Bolsheviki are traitors.

'Have you seen the paper? Lenin is a German spy! And to think that I believed him! I said to myself: "At last we 've got an honest man who is a true friend of Labor." All bosh! The rascal came through in a sealed car!'

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'Sure, they 've got it on him this time.'

'But, my lad, I can't really believe it!'

'Ah, just read the papers! Just see how the Bolsheviki are going around white in the gills, with a hangdog look! You can tell they 're guilty a mile off. Just compare them with the Social-Revolutionaries! They 're the boys. They know what they want. They are for a National Assembly. What better could we have? They 're bold boys — and what speakers! They 're honest fellows, you can tell it at a glance.'

'Now, brother, stop a bit. Honest fellows? They 've got scoundrels in their ranks too.'

'Quite true. But the Bolsheviki — why, they 're just a pack of scoundrels, curse 'em!'

Reaction grows stronger. There are defeats at the front. Bolshevist propaganda everywhere. A scene at a mass meeting: —

'Comrades! The next speaker is Comrade Chamkov, the Social-Revolutionary.'

'Give him the hook!'

'We 've had enough of his kind.'

'Comrades, I only wish to say —'

'Shut up! Shut up!'

'Comrade Belobrysov will address us.'

'What party?'

'Bolshevist.'

'Put him out!' is heard here and there.

'Let him speak! Let him speak!' thunders the crowd.

'Comrades! Many months have already passed, and the Mensheviki and the Social-Revolutionaries are still talking and doing nothing. We see that the bourgeoisie are getting bolder and bolder every day. No one stops to consider the interests of Labor. The only way to avoid returning to our old slavery is to put all authority in the hands of Labor's representatives.'

'Quite right! Quite right!'

'We will now listen to a word from Comrade Zadvorkin.'

'What party?'

'Menshevist.'

'That 's enough. Kick him out!'

'We must give him a chance to speak.'

Wild tumult follows.

'Comrades! We see that the Bolshevist Party is ready to betray the interests of the workingmen in order to promote its own factious interests. We must prevent that little gang of adventurers, which is capable of nothing better than —'

'That 's enough. Kick him out!'

The Second Pan-Russian Congress has declared that all power must be given to the Soviets. The meeting adopts a resolution endorsing this. The Bolshevist speakers argue: —

'Comrades! We have talked long enough. Every man must see for himself that the battle has begun. To the barricades! To arms for the defense of the workers' Soviets!'

'Right you are! Lead the way! We 'll follow!'

October 1917

The first important victory. The workers have returned to their jobs. Treason everywhere. Bridges blown up. Shooting from ambush. Blockade. Hunger, cold, sickness. Death stalking everywhere.

'The d——d Bolsheviki!' is hissed from every corner. 'They 're to blame for all this.'

'Comrades! Don't lose heart. We 're suffering. We have no bread. Starvation and death stalk at our side. But who is guilty? The old imperial Government and its allies. The imperialist war continues.'

'Again the imperialist war!'

'And they 'll give us no peace. They have surrounded us with an iron ring. Comrades, we must hold out. One

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more effort, and we shall conquer. We must conquer.'

'But all the trouble comes from dispersing the National Assembly! You are only demagogues yourselves. You know no other weapon but violence!'

Scowling glances; hungry, and bitter at heart, they separate.

'What the Bolsheviki say is true; but my God, we can't hold out much longer. When I got home last night my wife was crying. I was going to ask her why, but I saw at once what it was. Our boy was lying there, hardly breathing. For three days he had had nothing but one black biscuit. He was dying of hunger. I thought to myself, "What 's the good of it all if my boy has to starve?" And believe me or not, I 'm a rough fellow, but I cried like a baby.'

'Don't give up. It won't last much longer, brother. Things are sure to get better. A comrade came back from Siberia the other day. He said that they have finished Kolchak. Siberia has food enough.'

'Yes, I know we must have patience, but it comes mighty hard. If things were only not so disorganized everywhere. . . .'

THE DUMB BOY

BY SINDULFO DE LA FUENTE

From *España, April* 28
(Madrid Liberal Daily)

Don Bernardo González would have been happy, with that ephemeral happiness that is granted mortals, had it not been for a family affliction.

He was proprietor of an excellent tailoring business known as La Capadocia. This name was recommended by a cloth-drummer from Tarrasa, who suggested it when he noticed that the old sign on the establishment read: 'Great Parisian Tailor Shop. Capes a Specialty.'

'Did it ever strike you that a Parisian tailor shop does n't make capes? Now if your specialty were overcoats! Your specialty is capes. You ought to call your place La Capadocia.'

This struck the enterprising proprietor as a shrewd and plausible suggestion, and a new sign, with the new name painted in dark-red letters upon a sky-blue background, speedily replaced the old one.

As I have said, Don Bernardo had every reason but one to be a happy man. His business yielded ample profits. Capes sold readily in the Andalusian capital, where any citizen who wore a ragged one was stamped as a hard drinker — as indeed a majority of them are. And most of these capes came from the shop of Don Bernardo, and were made from cloth supplied by the Tarrasa drummer. However, Don Bernardo had a son who saddened his heart.

This son, the offspring of his marriage with Doña Luz, a robust lady reputed to have been blessed with slender graces in her youth, was from birth a hardy

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and vigorous child. Señor González still treasured — side by side with the copy of the Madrid paper containing his picture as member of a committee that called upon the Minister of the Interior to petition for a highway uniting his town with some insignificant villages in a remote and almost unexplored section of the province — a copy of a local newspaper containing the announcement of the birth of his only offspring: 'The distinguished lady of our esteemed friend, the well-known manufacturing tailor, Don Bernardo González, has happily given birth to a son.'

The vigorous promise of the infant was realized as he grew older. He was always a sturdy lad. But he had reached the age at which Nero was proclaimed Emperor by the Prætorian Guards, without uttering a single word. That is, he was now seventeen years old. A velvety moustache had begun to darken his upper lip. He wore jauntily over his broad and well-formed shoulders a luxurious cape — a masterpiece of his father's workshop. And yet he had never uttered even 'papa,' 'mama,' or any other lisping baby word.

All the physicians of the city and the most distinguished specialists of Madrid had examined the boy's throat, and they were unanimous in declaring it quite normal. They insisted that the future heir of La Capadocia possessed perfect organs of speech, and that consequently he ought to be able to talk, for it had been proved beyond question that he was not deaf.

Why had he never spoken? It is true, the conversation in his father's family circle was not particularly interesting; none the less, there were occasions, for instance when Don Bernardo presented himself to his family dressed as a Moor before attending a ball at the Casino, that should have made anyone burst into speech.

For some time, moreover, Bernardito had shown evidence of melancholy. He would pass hours moping on a sofa. He was fond of taking long lonely walks; tears would come to his eyes when he heard sentimental music.

It was Palm Sunday. After hearing High Mass at the Cathedral, Señor González sat down to dinner with the members of his family, Doña Luz, Bernardito, and Rosita. The latter, a slender, pretty maiden, looked especially charming in her new gown, which she wore in order not to lose the beauty of her tiny hands, which everyone knows is the penalty visited upon young girls who do not make their début on this anniversary.

Rosita was Don Bernardo's niece, whom he adopted when she was a tiny baby. Her father had died a few months before her birth, and her mother died in childbirth. She was a little younger than Bernardito, though not much, to tell the truth; for she was born six hours later on the same day, month, and year as her silent cousin.

Señor González had just finished a paternal compliment to the beauty of his niece, and the serving-maid was setting the steaming soup tureen in the middle of the table, when a strong, well-modulated barytone voice uttered the following words: —

'Papa, I want to be a soldier.'

The maid vanished in a trice. Doña Luz uttered a shriek and started to faint. Don Bernardo sprang from his seat shaking with excitement.

Conquering her sudden fright, the maid peeked through the crack behind the door. Doña Luz threw her arms around her son, covering him with kisses and moistening his cheeks with her tears. As for Don Bernardo senior, he hurried for a physician, having a vague idea that his beloved son's sudden mastery of the power of speech demanded professional attention.

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A few minutes later the González couple were in the little room back of their shop, in deep conference with their family doctor.

'Are you sure you are not mistaken?'

'No sir, we all heard him perfectly.'

'What did he say?'

'That he wanted to be a soldier. It is a mighty strange case, doctor, is n't it?'

'Apparently so. However, if he had to say something, I dont know why he was n't as likely to say that as anything else. Let 's go and see him.'

When they entered the dining-room, Rosita and Bernardito were still sitting at the table, facing each other as at the moment of the catastrophe. The boy was gazing radiantly at his cousin. A telltale softness of the eyes and flushing of the cheeks betrayed a hitherto unsuspected secret to his parents. Rosita was smiling, her blushes indicating that she possessed the intuition of her sex.

The doctor, being a good golf-player, was also something of a psychologist. He made a sign to Don Bernardo and his wife to retire with him for a new conference in the little room behind the shop.

'That lad is in love with his cousin.'

'Doctor!'

'I say he is head over heels in love with his cousin, and you had better let them marry.'

'But what has that to do with it?'

'With the boy's inability to talk? His vocal inhibition? Why, my dear friends, don't you know what love can do to a boy? How it can hypnotize him, make him a sort of somnambulist?'

'And this is why he could not talk?'

'That 's why.'

'But when he was a little fellow?'

'Dante fell in love when he was nine years old. What proof have we that such a passion may not begin even earlier. I am convinced that we have here a case of extraordinary precocity; that this boy has always been in love with his cousin. During all his life he has been consumed with this passion, and at last it broke its bounds to-day and made him utter the words you heard.'

'But why did he say that he wanted to be a soldier?'

'Don't you know that Rosita is crazy about soldiers? That she invariably runs out to the balcony to see the cavalry pass? That this morning during Mass she kept watching that young lieutenant?'

Don Bernardo asked his son, with a voice shaking with emotion, whether it was true that he was in love with his cousin. Whereupon the hitherto silent lad talked excitedly for four hours steadily, trying to picture in half-mastered phrases the depth of his passion. Rosita, touched by his ingenuous pleading, murmured that she loved him too.

Don Bernardo's son did not become a soldier. He employed his talents in extending the manufacture of capes. Years passed and La Capadocia eventually added to the tailoring business a furnishing shop and a shoe store.

Upon the advice of the drummer from Tarrasa, another change was made in the sign, quite as puzzling and quite as appropriate as the former one. The enlarged establishment blossomed out as 'Asia Minor.'

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THE MYSTERIES OF UR

BY C. LEONARD WOOLLEY

[*Mr. Woolley is leader of the joint expedition sent out by the British Museum and the University Museum, Philadelphia, whose first year of work, now just concluded, has been remarkably rich in results.*]

From the *Times, May* 14
(London Independent Conservative Daily)

Ur, which was a great Sumerian city ages before the arrival of the Chaldees, had the reputation of being one of the most ancient centres of civilization in Mesopotamia; and though we have not tapped its lowest strata, and the earliest dated object found by us goes back no further than 2900 years before Christ, yet many of the painted potsherds and stone implements which occur at all levels, and even some of the walls, must be many hundreds of years older than that. At the present stage of our work it is with the Third Dynasty of Ur (about 2300 B.C.) that connected history begins; and from this date the record of our buildings is virtually continuous right down to the later Persian period, about 400 B.C., when Zoroastrianism had developed sufficient intolerance and power to effect the final destruction of the city, or at any rate of its religious monuments.

At the beginning of the third millennium the city had been subject to the kings of Lagash, a statue of one of whom, Enannatum, we found in the débris piled against the foot of the zikkurat tower. It is headless but finely carved, and bears across its back and shoulders a long and important Sumerian inscription. Ur-Engur, who as an independent monarch founded the Third Dynasty, not only put up a new wall round his capital, but embarked on a virtual reconstruction of the city itself. From of old the temples of the Moon God, the patron deity of Ur, and of the lesser divinities had been grouped together on the low ground northeast of the town mound — the town mound itself being formed of the accumulated débris of many generations of houses. Ur-Engur built a wall round this area, enclosing the old shrines and part also of the town mound, where apparently he proposed to set up a palace for himself. Most of our work last season centred on this temenos, or sacred enclosure.

The *enceinte* wall, restored and rebuilt by many later rulers, has been traced out for nearly the whole of its circuit. It is a double wall with internal chambers, built of unbaked brick, thirty feet across in all, and still standing in some places as much as ten feet high. The roughly rectangular area which it encloses is about four hundred yards long by two hundred yards wide. The wall was pierced by six gateways set back in the wall face with flanking towers and covered entries, the gates turning in hinge-sockets of hard stone inscribed with the names of the kings who in their turn had repaired the work. The earliest of these gatestones found in position bore the name of Bur-Sin, Ur-Engur's grandson, the latest that of Nabonidus (555–538 B.C.), the last king of Babylon.

In the west corner of the temenos stood the zikkurat, a great rectangular tower of solid brick and rubble rising

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high above the city. It consisted of four stories, diminishing in size as they went up. A staircase led to the lowest platform, and from this a sloped ramp ran round and round the building to the top, whereon stood presumably a small shrine of the Moon God Nannar. Built by Ur-Engur and his son Dungi, the tower survived throughout the whole of Ur's history. In the latter days Nabonidus faced part of it with bright-blue glazed bricks, now all fallen away, and added on one side a kind of platform whose use cannot yet be determined. When complete it must have been an amazing monument. Even today the ruins of its lowest stage form a landmark visible for many miles across the flat Mesopotamian desert.

At the foot of the zikkurat lay the complex of sacred buildings which covered most of the temenos area and culminated in the great temple of Nannar. In 1919 Dr. Hall had dug out part of the sanctuary of this temple. The bulk of it still awaits excavation. Such work as we did on it this year shows that the existing building was begun by Ur-Engur and finished by his son (the wall bricks are stamped with the older king's name, whereas the floor bricks bear that of Dungi), and that it was divided into two parts — the sanctuary proper and private living-quarters, presumably those of the chief priest. In the masonry of one corner we found the foundation-deposit with a bronze figure of the king.

The temple of the Moon God and his consort, the complete excavation of which was the main work of our season, was on a smaller scale. The actual sanctuary was a little five-roomed building hidden away in the midst of long service-chambers, priests' quarters, and storerooms, the whole surrounded by a heavily buttressed brick wall. When it was founded we cannot say. Certainly it was in existence before 2650 B.C., for we found, thrown out as useless and embedded in the later floors, fragments of inscribed stone vases dedicated in it by the kings of Agade of that date.

Ur-Engur had built here, but below his work were earlier strata of unbaked mud brick, and below these again walls of 'green' bricks laid while still damp and reduced to a kind of *terre pisée*. These, the most primitive types of walls yet found, I think, in Mesopotamia, must go back to a very remote antiquity. But such was the sanctity attaching to the temple that each royal builder followed religiously the ground plan of the older work. When destroying to rebuild he would leave in place one course, or two courses, of his predecessor's brickwork to serve as a guide to his own workmen. Though the superstructure was, at different dates, due to Ur-Engur, to Bur-Sin (*c.* 2225 B.C.), to Gimil-Ilishu (*c.* 2070 B.C.), to Kudur-Mabug, to Kuri-Galzu (*c.* 1600 B.C.), and to others, the form of the building scarcely changed and more and more did its foundations become a mosaic epitomizing the land's history.

The first king to make any radical alteration was Nebuchadnezzar, who (*c.* 600 B.C.) quite recast its plan. He respected the venerable five-roomed sanctuary, only repaving it and building out from it two projecting wings; but he destroyed all the service-chambers in front of it, leveled their ruins, and laid down over them a wide brick-paved courtyard. This formed the lower court. Between the new wings of the central building at a higher level is a smaller court where stands an altar of brick, once overlaid with metal, immediately in front of the sanctuary door. Facing it, against the back wall of the sanctuary, we found the remains of the pedestal whereon stood the *cultus* image.

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Obviously Nebuchadnezzar's remodeling of the temple was to correspond with a change in ritual whereby the public would take part in a service hitherto conducted by the priests in secret. The upper court is that of the priests, the lower is for the congregation, who would look beyond the altar and its ministrant to the great gilded statue half-veiled in the darkness of the shrine.

It is tempting to connect this innovation with the Old Testament story, according to which Nebuchadnezzar not only set up an image — older kings had often done the same — but proclaimed that when they heard the sound of the sackbut all the people were to fall down and worship. These changes endured, and when Cyrus the Great in his turn repaired the temple he reproduced every feature of the older work. Even in the inner chambers of the sanctuary, where the secret rites were held, the small altars, the tables of offering, and the 'chancel screens' are identical and identically placed on the pavements of Nebuchadnezzar's and of the Persian's building. Here it is interesting, too, to observe how closely Herodotus' description of the Marduk temple at Babylon fits the contemporary temple of Nannar and his consort at Ur, so that our reconstruction of this latter is not a little helped by the Greek historian's account.

The site has proved very rich in objects. Apart from the statue of Enannatum and the bronze figure of Ur-Engur already mentioned, a hoard of Persian jewelry was found beneath the floor of one of the sanctuary chambers, and a second smaller hoard of the Neo-Babylonian period in a trial trench dug across the ruins of another temple. Great numbers of inscribed clay tablets were recovered, mostly of the Third Dynasty of Ur (2300–2000 B.C.), and some of the time of Artaxerxes (465–424 B.C.), and the inscribed bricks cover the whole range of the town's history. A brick-lined well within the temenos produced a quantity of clay foundation-cones of Kudur-Mabug, Arad-Sin, and Rim-Sin (*c.* 2000–1950 B.C.), describing the building activities of these kings of Larsa and Ur.

The inscribed and decorated stone vases, many of them wrought in Egyptian alabaster, dedicated in the temple by different kings, cover a range of some six hundred years, and are of great value, both historically and artistically, while a fine series of terra-cotta reliefs and figurines throws new light on the religious iconography of the later period, and abundant material has enabled us to make a useful beginning with the dating of Babylonian pottery. A special exhibition of these objects will be arranged at the British Museum in the near future.

It is proposed to carry on for a number of years the work which we have thus begun. Up to the present but a very small fraction of the great ruin-field has been touched, but already we have learned much about the geography of the site, and there is every prospect of future seasons proving even more productive than this. But the British Museum will need financial help if it is to continue its association with Philadelphia in the thorough excavation of this most important cradle of civilization and religion.

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TALKING OF BOOKS

BY BASSETT DIGBY

From the *Manchester Guardian, May* 18
(INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

NATIONS vary to an astonishing extent in their attachment to books. It is not a mere matter of relative literacy. So far as I have been able to see, China has more booksellers than we have, and far more than there are in America. The Bulgarians and the Filipinos have hardly any. Japan is the bookiest nation on earth. Everyone in Japan has books — lots of them. Japan has had to learn Europe in sixty years. A great part of our 'savvy' is traditional. The heritage of instinct, the use of our eyes and ears, the things our parents taught us and that 'everybody knows' have saved us a lot of books. Japan has had to pick up Europe by wading through one book after another, as we pick up ancient Greece.

In Manchuria I noticed that the selling of books is frequently combined with the selling of shoes. 'That is a quaint idea of yours,' I said to a Chinese in London. 'No quainter than your custom of selling such incongruous wares as cigarettes, toffee, and newspapers in one shop,' he retorted. I suppose he was right.

Chinese books, or the general run of them, are quite differently made up from ours. The cover is not attached to the book. It is a kind of binding case, fastened up with a neat little bone pin that slides into a socket. The pin is attached to the case by a dangling thong of cloth. The book inside is in four, six, ten, or more sections, each unattached to any other. As the leaves are printed on one side only of the thin glazed rice paper, and the blank sides touch, in pairs, and are uncut except at top and bottom, one turns over two pages at once. Illustrations, always in line block and occupying one page, are included now and again.

I was on the lookout for old Chinese books, but for some reason or other there seem to be no old bookshops in China. Old books appear to be held in such respect that it would be a profanation to hawk them around to dealers. They are apparently disposed of by private arrangement with friends or acquaintances. One interesting find I made, however, in the shape of a modern map of China, which, with characteristic contempt for the usages of the rest of the world, had been graved with the China Sea at the bottom or south of the map instead of along the east. I wonder whether the same engraver produced a series of maps, or an atlas, on the same lines. If we cannot have new worlds to explore, the next best thing, surely, would be to turn our countries and continents upside down or sideways up and gloat over their unfamiliarity.

Japan is producing her books on the European model, and showing very considerable artistic merit in cover design, illustration, and typographical display. For some years now she has had 'the magazine habit,' and on her station bookstalls and in the bookshops one sees almost as many magazines as in England. In their 'layout' and mode of illustration they resemble our own. One is much struck by the contrast with magazineless China. Japan is

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the only non-English-speaking foreign country in the world where in a city one can always find a shop with a large number of English books of various kinds. The owner seldom knows English, but he goes to a language manual and hunts up the price for you.

In Japan I found some of the most peculiar bookshops in the world. They sell nothing but catalogues — catalogues of clothes and seeds and plumbing fixtures, stamps and furniture and vehicles, hats and stationery and bedding, catalogues of all conceivable merchandise. And all of them were secondhand British and American catalogues. More and more foreigners are going to Japan, you see, and how is a Japanese to know what to charge them for their purchases?

No longer does he charge the white man what he charges his fellow countrymen. If you have a house in Nagasaki and you want a set of shelves and cupboard fitted, the first thing the native carpenter does is to go round and buy an English catalogue and get a student or clerk to discover from it what Waring and Gillow or Maple would charge. That sum, or very slightly less, will he charge you. It will be, of course, about three times more than a Japanese would be charged, in a land of cheap labor, but that is your lookout. Thus is 'business efficiency' beginning to permeate the Far East.

Norway, like China, has no old bookshops. Christiania, of course, was only a provincial town in Scandinavia when, a few years ago, the partition occurred, and even now, as the Norse capital, it is a good deal less metropolitan in atmosphere and trading amenities than Portsmouth or Bournemouth or Cardiff. After assiduous inquiries I managed to reach a rather forlorn bookshop down near the docks, and was offered, as a genuine antiquity, a devotional treatise dated 1843!

The old Scandinavian books are to be found in the half-dozen 'Antikvariats' of Stockholm. They are fascinating old bookshops, dusty and cobwebbed — four of them with numbers of tomes dating back into the sixteen hundreds, and some even a century before. In one of them I found three years ago a lot of Elzevirs at very low prices. In another a couple of very ancient Bibles bound in worm-eaten wooden boards, with a yard of iron chain attached.

I often wonder why those massive mediaeval Bibles were chained to their lecterns. When the masses could not read and the intelligence service of the Church was both swift and comprehensive, it must have been generally realized among gleaners of casual trophies that a stolen Bible was pretty much of a white elephant. If chaining was a war-time precaution it surely could not have been very effectual, for a few slashes from the halberds of a marauding band of enemy troops would have chopped down the lectern, or the part of it to which the staple was affixed. Perhaps it was done merely to impress the simple devout with the value of the Bible.

Down in Outer Mongolia, visiting the strange lamaseries established by proselytizing Tibetan monks, I found food for much thought in the monastery libraries with their hoards of ancient books, bound up in wooden slats and enveloped in wrappings of yellow silk. Who knows what wonderful revelations of the early beginnings of civilization in Central Asia, the womb of mankind, are not lying there awaiting the decipherment of Western scholars?

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ADVENTURE

BY WINNIFRED TASKER

[*Bookman*]

LIFE is a wild adventure, but sweetest of all is to tread
The long strange roads in the moonlight, glist'ning and white as with snow,
With dark trees following always, silently over your head,
And the tender wind of the night walking with you down below.

Never to know where the end is — by hill or wood or sea,
With the moon alone in the secret and one pale wondering star,
And those hidden ways through the shadows, unbending, stern, and free,
With the cool hushed hours before you and the morning undreamt of and far.

Life is a wild adventure, when you pass to the Courts of Love,
Or dazzling with splendor and gold you enter the lists for the fight.
Yet 't is sweeter than all to walk with a friendly moon above,
Luring and leading you onward through the lost still ways of the night.

OVERHEARD AT A LITERARY PARTY

BY X. X. X.

[*London Mercury*]

'TWENTY per cent . . . twenty per cent . . .'
'That's what he *said* — I don't know what he meant . . .'
'Serial rights . . . serial rights . . .'
'The man is n't bad, but his friends are such frights . . .'
'Three guineas a thousand is n't enough . . .'
'He's not quite a fool but he writes dreadful stuff . . .'
'I have n't an agent . . .' 'He told me he would
Declare in the *Times* that my sonnets were good . . .'
'Did you hear . . . ?' 'Have I told you . . . ?' 'Has anyone said . . . ?'
'She once had a vogue, but now it's quite dead . . .'
'The case will come on in the autumn, they say . . .'
'I'm trying to write in a different way . . .'
'The place is the States! I'm going in May! . . .'
'One likes her, of course, but, of course, she can't write . . .'
'His reviews don't mean much, but they always are bright . . .'
'Twenty per cent . . . twenty per cent . . .
I asked them for that but the letter they sent
Refused to go further than twelve and a half . . .
It is n't a joke, and I beg you won't laugh . . .
That's what they *said* — I don't know what they meant . . . '

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GOLDFISH

BY HAROLD MONRO

[*Real Property*]

THEY are the angels of that watery world,
All innocent, they no more than aspire
To move themselves about on golden fins.
Or they can fill their paradise with fire
By darting suddenly from end to end.

Their eyes stare out from far away behind,
And cannot piece the barrier of mind.
In the same house are they and we;
Yet well might be
Divided by a whole eternity.

When twilight moves across the evening gloom
And air becomes like water, you can feel
Their movements growing larger in the gloom,
And merging with the room, and you are brought
Back where they live, the other side of thought.

THE EREMITE ON HIMALAY

BY W. R. C.

[*The New Witness*]

THE mountains lean all round me, naked, lonely,
With crystal tops embosoming mild skies,
This turquoise avalanche of streaming dawn;
My lodge upon the ledge of the precipice
Trembles with sun-burst, as, when fire is brought,
First twigs begin to sparkle and blaze and hiss.
Down there beneath me stumbles the ravine,
Aboil with smoking waters, giant palms
O'erarching it with gross arcades of shade;
And there the scarlet trumpet-blossoms creep,
With snakes as green as emerald crawling round them;
And there the ebony leopards lurk, and there
Scream wild fantastic birds.—Life of the jungle,
Blessèd be all your energies this day;
I go not down to you.—For here is Silence,
A holy lady, albeit smiles at times
Caress her ivory cheeks, as winds that pass,
And leave a silken ripple in standing water;
And here with little silver and golden feet,
Sounding with subtle bells that chime and pass,
And weave an intertwining melody,
Comes Joy, leading at noon the calm-eyed Goddess
Herself, clad in impurpurate glorious raiment,
Even Love, the nursing mother of the world.

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MASTERPIECES THEN AND NOW

A FEW weeks ago one of those erudite but anonymous gentlemen who write leading articles of terrifying profundity for the *Times Literary Supplement* decided that it was time to leave Aristotle temporarily in peace and to cast a critical eye — of appropriate severity — upon the degenerate century in which we (and he) live and write and read our books. The result of this critical eyeing of the last twenty-three years was a wail of dismay — which, after all, is quite in the accustomed order of things among critics. The learned gentleman reiterated an opinion first given literary form some centuries ago by a distinguished Homeric chieftain, who at the time was already whitening about the brow and inclined even then to look with scant sympathy on the scandalous goings-on of Achilles, Chryseis, and the rest of the wild young people by the banks of the reedy Scamander.

Nestor, to be sure, was not a literary critic. He was merely a king. But, allowing for that trivial difference in despotic degrees, the opinions of the *Literary Supplement's* contributor and the sometime since defunct chieftain of sandy Pylos are in singular accord. Two literary critics would naturally have difficulty in agreeing with each other, but a critic and a king, having so many monarchical tastes and habits in common, find agreement the easiest thing in the world.

Nestor's opinion, expressed in Homeric Greek (an outlandish language of which some people still persist in thinking highly) was to the general effect that men in his degenerate days were n't what they used to be: —

> Such men
> I never saw, nor shall I see again.

And these are some of the opinions of the *Literary Supplement's* critic — expressed, it will be observed, in the strange dialect peculiar to literary critics: Ours is 'a barren and exhausted age.' 'We must look back with envy to the past.' 'The writer of the present day must renounce his hope of making that complete statement which we call a masterpiece. He must be content to be a taker of notes.' We moderns suffer from 'a desiccation of the living tissues of literature into a network of little bones. Nowhere shall we find the downright vigor of Dryden, or Keats with his fine and natural bearing, or Flaubert and his fanaticism, or Coleridge above all.'

Modern scribblers, in short, are a bad lot in a bad way, and more than likely to come to bad ends — which is a fair summary of what the *Quarterly Review* said about Keats. It will be observed that Nestor, being a mere king and not a critic, and living, moreover, in an age that wrote epics but lacked typewriters, adopted a conciseness of statement that would be scorned by a self-respecting modern critic — and all critics, as any author knows, always respect themselves, however difficult they may find it to respect their contemporaries.

Having let drive these broadsides — bang, bang, bang! — into the presumably dismayed midst of literary London, the critic rested from his labors and was well content. Not so, however, the literary gentlemen of the still youthful twentieth century, most of whom are still alive and — as is the wont of

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authors when assaulted by critics — kicking. In the due course of events — to be precise, three weeks — the *retour offensif* emerged valiantly from Mr. Harold Monro's Poetry Bookshop in Devonshire Street. The *Times'* literary lion, amid his various roarings, had proclaimed a list of masterpieces which he challenged his degenerate contemporaries to match an if they dared. Mr. Monro, of course, dared. A man who will try to make his living out of a poetry bookshop will dare anything.

The *Times Literary Supplement* had mentioned eight masterpieces published between 1800 and 1821. Mr. Monro matched them, book for book, with masterpieces of his own choosing, published between 1900 and 1921; and, having delivered himself of sundry furious opinions, sheathed his sword, remounted Pegasus, and galloped back to Devonshire Street, where he stabled the ancient nag and went about his business. Like an honest man, he admitted his inability to find a modern equivalent for *Hyperion*, concerning which, it is worth remembering, early nineteenth-century critics had by no means the high opinion entertained among early twentieth-century critics. This, doubtless, is but another sign of modern degeneracy.

Here are the books, arrayed like a football team, each player against his opponent: —

1800–1821	1900–1921
1. *Waverley*	1. *Lord Jim* (Joseph Conrad)
2. *The Excursion*	2. *The Way of All Flesh* (Samuel Butler)
3. *Kubla Khan*	3. *The Bull* (Ralph Hodgson) or *The Listeners* (Walter de la Mare) or *The Italian Air*
4. *Don Juan*	4. *Man and Superman* (Bernard Shaw)
5. *Hazlitt's Essays*	5. *The Sacred Wood* (T. S. Eliot) or *Ideas of Good and Evil* (W. B. Yeats)
6. *Pride and Prejudice*	6. *The Forsyte Saga* (John Galsworthy)
7. *Hyperion*	7. (Honorably blank)
8. *Prometheus Unbound*	8. *The Dynasts* (Thomas Hardy) or *Satan Absolved*

This list, said Mr. Monro, is 'not comparative but equivalent.' The matched books are not by any means alike, — indeed prose is sometimes set off against poetry, — but each pair is a fair match. Closer comparisons are out of the question, for, to take but one pair, 'it would have been as impossible for an author of the earlier period to write *The Way of All Flesh* as for one of the later period to compose *The Excursion*.' Notwithstanding, the two works — each a chronicle of the development of individual character under particular circumstances — are 'each equally illuminating and interpretative, both psychologically and æsthetically, in its own sphere.' As for the *Times* critic's rash assertion that ours is 'an age incapable of sustained effort, and littered with fragments,' Mr. Monro caustically points out that 'of the five poems selected by the *Times* three, at any rate, are "fragments," in the sense that they remained uncompleted.'

In 2023 the same battle will be going on — always providing that bloodier battles of a grimmer sort do not, in the meantime, wipe literature, its makers, and its critics, all together, into the same nothingness. A single question uncomfortably lingers: Will the twentieth-century masterpieces which the stodgy conservatives of that yet distant time will be stoutly defending against the degenerate youth of *their* day, be the same ones that Mr. Monro has selected? A painful question, truly.

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REVIVING THE NOH PLAYS

THROUGH the efforts of a group of Japanese leaders who are unwilling that new ways shall mean the dropping of the beautiful arts of old Japan, the Noh drama is having a revival of its popularity. The Noh has flourished for centuries, but when Japan was opened to the outside world, and the flood of modernism set in, the popularity of the plays vanished. The players, finding interest in their art dying out, were compelled to resort to other means of livelihood and, selling their musical instruments, scattered through the country.

Prince Iwakura, one of the leading figures in the restoration of the imperial family to power, was also the originator of the movement to save the Noh plays from extinction. In 1871 he visited Europe with several other prominent Japanese with a view to finding what might be done to foster Japanese art. The travelers observed that every European country was known for some special form of entertainment. Russia was the country of the ballet, Italy was the country of grand opera. The Prince asked his companions what art form should become the Japanese national institution. *Gagaku*, the ancient court-music, was too monotonous to remain interesting. Furthermore it savored of Chinese influence — a charge from which the Noh drama itself is not altogether free.

Finally it was agreed that the Noh play was the highest form of artistic entertainment which embodied the true spirit of Japan. On his return to his own country Prince Iwakura set himself to reviving the Noh plays. About this time — in 1877 to be exact — General Grant, who had just recently retired from the presidency, visited Japan and was for a short time the guest of the Prince. A series of Noh plays was presented for his amusement, and it is said that the enthusiasm of the famous American soldier did much to encourage his Japanese host.

After Iwakura's death, in 1883, interest in the drama fell off, but the Prince had already organized an association and the work went on. In 1897 the movement suffered another blow in the death of Yeisho Taiko, the mother of the Emperor Meiji, under whose rule the foundations of modern Japan were laid. This Empress had been a staunch patron of the Noh drama. With her death imperial patronage, though not completely withdrawn, was greatly lessened. In modern days various noblemen and commoners have interested themselves in the drama, and a number of changes have been made to suit it to modern conditions. Most important of these is the reduction of the length of plays from five to three hours — for modern Japan lacks the leisure of the older days.

METAPHORS, DEAD BUT NOT DEPARTED

MR. A. CLUTTON-BROCK has gone to the trouble of drawing up a list of 'dead metaphors' in a recently published tract on 'Metaphor.' Among those that slumber in his cemetery — though their ghosts, alas, still haunt the printed page — are the following: —

The lap of luxury, Part and parcel, A sea of troubles, Passing through the furnace, Beyond the pale, The battle of life, The death-warrant of, Parrot cries, The sex-war, Tottering thrones, A trail of glory, Bull-dog tenacity, Hats off to, The narrow way, A load of sorrow, A charnel-house.

The proud prerogative, Smiling through your tears, A straight fight, A profit and loss account, The fires of martyrdom, The school of life, Branches of the same deadly upas tree, Turning a deaf ear to, The flower of our manhood, Taking off the gloves, Written in letters of fire, Stemming

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the tide, Big with possibilities, The end is in sight, A place in the sun.

A spark of manhood, To dry up the founts of pity, Hunger stalking through the land, A death grip, Round pegs (or men) in square holes, The lamp of sacrifice, The silver lining, Troubling the waters, and poisoning the wells, The promised land, Flowing with milk and honey, Winning all along the line.

Casting in her lot with, The fruits of victory, Backs to the wall, Bubbling over with confidence, Bled white, The writing on the wall, The sickle of death, A ring fence round, The crucible of, Answering the call, Grinding the faces of the poor, The scroll of fame.

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KEAN AS A DRAMATIC HERO

MR. ARTHUR SHIRLEY, an English dramatist, has written an interesting play about the life of the English actor, Edmund Kean, thus adding one more to the series of plays which the people of the stage have woven about their fellows of earlier days. The French clown, Debureau, and the actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur, have already been thus theatrically honored by French playwrights. It is high time for an English playwright to bring the great English actor back to the boards, although English audiences have not been over-appreciative.

The new play is called *Ned Kean of Old Drury*, but the play covers only four years of the actor's tragic life, which ended at forty-six. When the play opens Kean is a barnstormer with his wife and child. The play closes with his triumph at Drury Lane in the rôle of Shylock on the night of January 26, 1814.

Mr. Shirley shows his wisdom in choosing these years for his portrayal of the actor. After all, they are the years that matter most and certainly the years of Kean's life of which we know most and care to know most. The childhood and youth of the great actor are largely matters of tradition, and a good deal of this tradition rests under the suspicion of having been started by the subject himself. A comment from a recent issue of the London *Morning Post* on Kean's character at the time of his success is perhaps worth quoting: —

Kean was then twenty-six, and had not, perhaps, had in the last fifteen years as many square meals. In the supreme moment of his return to his Cecil Street lodging, conscious that at last he had the world at his feet, he cried, 'You, Mary, shall ride in your carriage yet, and you, Charles, shall go to Eton! Oh, that Howard had lived to see it!' Was ever nobler cry uttered by man? Not a word, not a thought of himself, save as the husband of a woman some eight years his senior, and as the father of two children, the first-born dead from the common privation, the half-fed other slumbering in his rude cradle.

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WELLS AND ARNOLD BENNETT

THE *Westminster Gazette* tells an amusing story about H. G. Wells, which it caps with another about Arnold Bennett: —

It is said that when he was in America for the Washington Conference a well-known American writer, who had an idea that Mr. Wells was self-important and arrogant, thought to upset him by addressing him as 'Herbert.' 'Don't call me that,' Mr. Wells is reported to have replied, 'call me 'Erb.' The story proceeds that the American writer became Mr. Wells's friend for life.

Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Wells are said to be good friends on the strength of a mutual hatred of pose and humbug; and it is related that Mr. Bennett, when asked what induced him to write *The Pretty Lady*, replied gravely, 'Eight thousand pounds.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

La Détresse des Harpagon, by Pierre Mille. Paris: Albin Michel, 1923.

[*L'Indépendance Belge*]

It would take more space than there is at my disposal to discuss this admirable and extremely witty new novel by Pierre Mille as it deserves. I admire the writer's extraordinary output, not for its bulk but for its quality. So many books already, and not one that is not carefully thought out and written with exquisite pains!

This book is the result of the chances of a stay in the country and of the exploration of the cluttered attic of an old château. There the author found furniture and tapestries from the time of the Great King. The author imagines that these are the same that Cléante had to accept and take away, in Molière's play, when he deals with the usurer, in whom he eventually recognizes his own father. On this fantastic basis he constructs the most modern of novels, a novel of French bourgeoisie through three centuries. Miser and prodigal by turn, this class ruins itself with its stinginess and reconstructs itself with its prodigality, through a paradoxical succession of heights and depths that set the reader's brain to whirling.

One recognizes the master's touch; one yields to it without reserve. The book delights the mind and the senses together. It is a complete delight.

Riders of the Air, by Major A. Corbett-Smith. London: Grant Richards, 1923. 6*s.* net.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

Major A. Corbett-Smith, a practised publicist, endowed with an effective and fulminating style, has here produced an exercise in propaganda, the vigor and sincerity of which are their own best recommendation. The gallant author's plea is directed toward the national and international interests of the Air Service. The future of air transport in this country is in serious jeopardy. Immediately after the Armistice commercial aviation received an astonishing impetus. Demobilized officers set their hopes upon civil flying. Airplanes were plentiful and cheap. Small aviation-companies sprang up all over the country. But within a few months the artificial boom collapsed; the little companies were left derelict, and their organizers without occupation.

To-day, in Lord Curzon's warning words: 'Our air supremacy has gone; we have no effective "striking force" in the air; the aircraft industry is practically dead; civil aviation languishes; and both the Navy and Army are profoundly dissatisfied both with the provision made for them in the air and with the method of control.' This spirited little book is an attempt to indicate a way of escape, and as it is eagerly written, with a liberal garniture of quotation, and some warm gushes of sentimental rhetoric, it ought to have its effect. At any rate, it deserves success, for its arguments are sound and clearly enunciated.

The author is no militarist; he continually deplores the terrible consequences of war. But nothing will persuade him that the world is yet ripe for disarmament and universal peace. The League of Nations is a manifest failure. The British Government appears to admit the fact; for, while it is ready to spend some hundred-odd millions on armaments and men, it devotes no more than £500,000 to the cause of peace. The fact is that it is useless to set up an ideal unless you are prepared to fight for it; and in the cause of peace the people are content to go on talking. Another and yet more ghastly war is inevitable, and, when that war breaks out, aircraft will be the dominating factor of the struggle. 'The potentialities of aircraft attack,' said Marshal Foch, 'upon a large scale are almost incalculable.'

To be prepared in the air is now the first duty of an island race; for supremacy at sea is no longer of its old importance when the sea can be crossed from above and the homes of the islanders leveled to the ground by aerial bombardment. The only possible policy for England to adopt is to make her air defense absolutely secure.

Major Corbett-Smith propounds a definite programme crystallized into seven points. He advocates the following policy: —

1. The development of civil aviation on a national basis, and as a commercial proposition, so far as is practicable in England.

2. The establishment of airship communications between England and the several Dominions, with 'feeder' communication by airplane.

3. The building of a reserve of air pilots; and such a reserve of 2000 would, it is estimated, cost about £300,000 a year.

4. A financial appropriation for research and experiment of at least three or four times the present sum.

5. Insistence upon having the best available man in the country for Air Minister, irrespective of political considerations.

6. Giving to the responsible military executive of the Air Ministry freedom from political worry, to enable them to concentrate upon their proper duties.

7. The creation of a wholly adequate 'striking force,' always in perfect condition, trained to the hour, and ready at the first hint of enemy

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aggression to fly over the enemy bases and seat of government with the demand of instant demobilization.

He reckons the minimum of machines necessary as 900, and the annual cost at £4,000,000.

Atheism in Pagan Antiquity, by A. B. Drachmann. London: Gyldendal, 1923. *7s. 6d.*

History of Roman Religion, by W. R. Halliday. Liverpool: University Press; London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. *5s.*

[*New Statesman*]

THESE two scholarly summaries afford considerable insight into the beliefs of ancient Greece and Italy. Professor Drachmann's examination of early atheism is unusual, and the result of an article for a Dictionary which he rightly thought worth expansion. Printed in excellent English, it makes interesting reading. The word 'atheos' can cover indifference, active protest, or the agnostic position. In ancient times it means failure to recognize the established religion of the country, and it is the philosophers who are the atheists, starting speculations which did not trouble the minds of the common people. We do not really know how much in a modern sense an ancient Greek or Roman believed, but the study of primitive peoples of recent years has revealed a world of fears and taboos, and *religio* means that more than belief in positive divine powers.

The Romans were a practical people, like the English, and were not concerned with speculation, but with duties for which they expected returns of favor. They would never, like a modern Russian, have delayed a meal till they had established the existence of a personal god. The Greeks had a genius for speculation, and many of their philosophers were accused of atheism, or freethinking, as we might call it. It was absurd to accuse Socrates of impiety, for he worshiped the gods and was commanded by the Delphian Oracle. The charge against him, like that of magic against Apuleius, was got up for reasons outside those alleged. He was a disturbing person, and might have been unmolested, if he had not worried everybody to start thinking.

Thinking is not business. The parasite Major, in *Dombey and Son*, entreated the City merchant not to be thoughtful, because he was far above that sort of thing. Æschylus and, less oddly, Euripides both use the formula, 'Zeus, whoever he may be.' Was this 'genuine antique piety' in the former? We doubt it, for the *Prometheus* shows that Zeus had something to learn, though supreme among the gods. Euripides, who seems perpetually insinuating that 'an honest god's the noblest work of man,' is the boldest artist among a crowd of freethinkers at Athens. Xenophanes and Epicurus — the latter maligned in subsequent tradition — are the most attractive of Greek thinkers of whom we know little.

Cicero, a Stoic with six seaside villas, is not, as Professor Drachmann says, an original figure in the philosophy of religion. His religion, so far as he had any, was of the emotional and occasional sort. He wished to deify his daughter Tullia. His belief approximates to what Pater calls the 'religion of men of letters.' The essay includes some striking generalizations, as well as discriminating work in detail.

Professor Halliday follows Warde Fowler, one of our best authorities on Roman religion. His abstract up to the death of Augustus lacks generally the passages on which it is founded, but these the student can find in the books cited. Horace wrote the *Secular Hymn*, as is noted, but he also wrote that revealing Ode, beginning, '*Parcus deorum.*' Both he and Vergil believed, we think, in the old Roman decencies Augustus strove to restore, though he was not himself a good example of them. The Romans, before they took over the gods of Greece, had their own Etruscan beginnings, which the author treats rather cavalierly, and *numina* which were very different from personal gods. The book is clear and engaging in style, and should be a success among students, who often have to read learned and dull authors. Professor Halliday is abreast of the latest scholarship, but wisely cautious about theories, and is conscious of the difficulties of being concise, which have made him perhaps a little unfair to the Stoics.

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THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

STEEL POLITICS — *Jacques Sadoul*

NEW ASPECTS OF NATIONAL RELATIONSHIP

I. Missions and National Consciousness — *Arthur Jorgensen*

II. Morocco and the Problem of Dependencies — *Antonio Gallarzo*

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